

LONGSWORD,

EARL of SALISBURY.

*Hugh A N Vaughany*

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

*Esq.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

THE SECOND EDITION.



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HISTORICAL ROMANCE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE out-lines of the following story, and some of the incidents and more minute circumstances, are to be found in the antient English historians. If too great liberties have been taken in altering or enlarging their accounts, the reader who looks only for amusement will probably forgive it: the learned and critical (if this work should be honoured by such readers) will deem it a matter of too little consequence to call for the severity of their censure.—— It is generally expected that pieces of this kind should convey some useful moral: which moral, not always perhaps the most valuable or refined, is sometimes made to float on the surface of the narrative; or is plucked up at proper intervals, and presented to the view of the reader, with great solemnity. But the author of these sheets hath too high an opinion of the judgment and penetration of his readers, to pursue this  
A 2 method.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

method. Although he cannot pretend to be very *deep*, yet he hopes he is *clear*. And if any thing lies at bottom, worth the picking up, it will be discovered without his direction.



LONG

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# L O N G S W O R D,

Earl of SALISBURY.

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## B O O K I

### S E C T. I.

**W**HEN HENRY, the third of that name, reigned in England, Sir RANDOLPH, a valiant knight of Cornwall, now too old to take a part in the affairs and commotions of the realm, retired to the peaceful enjoyment of those honours and fortunes, which he had purchased by a series of hardy services in the field. The eve of his life was engaged in the pleasing occupation of training up two youths his sons who were rising fast to maturity: in teaching them the sacred duties which they owed to heaven and to their country, inspiring them with a gallant love of arms, and possessing their minds with undaunted courage duly tempered with benevolence and humanity.

The season was genial, the evening serene and refreshing; when Randolph wandered forth, with a youth attending him on each side, eagerly listening to his narrative of wars and glorious dangers. The boys passed slowly on, with their eyes and thoughts fixed on their father, 'till they were insensibly led to the brow of a chalky cliff, commanding a wide and uninterrupted view of the calm unruffled sea, that now reflected all the rich and glowing crimson of the setting sun. Here they sat down, and urgently entreated their father to renew the story of his dangers

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in the Holy Land, the achievements of the brave soldiers of the cross; the recent wars in France, and the valour of Earl Richard and his Knights; while the attention of Randolph was fixed on a small barque, now approaching to the shore.

Its keel cut swiftly and deeply into the sands, and a general shout from the vessel roused the little company, whose attention was still farther awakened, when they observed the deportment of the man who first leaped on shore. His garb was that of an humble pilgrim, whose holy vows were leading him to some scene of devotion; and by his side hung a large and trenchant weapon befitting the son of honourable war, rather than the votary of religion; his look was pale and squalid; but his port erect; and a secret greatness and manly dignity seemed to break through all the gloom of adversity which surrounded him. No sooner had he touched the strand, than he stood for a moment, as it were, in a still and motionless surprize; then falling on his knees, with arms crossed, and eyes raised up to heaven, his looks expressed the most rapturous gratitude and thankfulness, as if for a deliverance from some great calamity; whilst some others of the crew, with all appearances of tender regard, conveyed a young and beautiful personage to shore, dressed in the same habit with their leader. The whole scene was extraordinary and affecting: the youths had descried it, and starting up, and turning to their father, seemed to demand the reason of this appearance. 'Come, my sons, cried Randolph, 'this stranger appears unfortunate; perhaps he may 'accept of our hospitable reception; let our friendly 'offices not to be wanting, to allay his grief, and to 'supply his necessities.' Thus saying, he led them by a winding descent towards the shore, where the crew were by this time disembarked.

Sir Randolph approached the stranger, (to whom the rest of the company seemed to pay a particular regard) with a concern truly humane: when, instantly, the eyes of each were fixed in mute surprize upon the other.——'My General!——'My Knight!' Their  
tongues



## Earl of SALISBURY.

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tongues could utter no more: they rushed into each other's arms, and clung together in a tumultuous disorder of grief, amazement, and affection. At length, words forced their passage. 'Great Earl! cried Randolph, and do I really behold thee? Do I embrace the man, under whose command my last days of honourable war saw glory and victory? Hath my leader survived the dreadful night of tempest which dispersed our ships! He whom we imagined buried in the seas! Is he at length returned in safety? But why this garb? Are these wretched weeds befitting the son of an illustrious monarch, the conqueror of Gascoigne, the glory of England? Thou art come, but not to peace and repose: danger, difficulty, and distress, are still prepared for that undaunted spirit!'—Am I not in England?" replied the stranger. 'Have I not at length, happily escaped the insidious attempts of my enemies? What dangers have I now to fear! No, my dearest ELA! illustrious dame! tenderest wife! In thy arms shall I now forget my dangers. To thee I fly, to wipe away those tears, which burst forth at my departure, and must have flowed in full streams, during this melancholy interval of my absence. In thee and thy endearments shall all my future hopes be centered: and never, no, never more shall WILLIAM be deluded by the smiling promises of glory, to hazard the chance of arms! Enough hath been already done: enough hath been given to honour and to my country. Peace and retirement, repose and tranquillity be now the lot of these shattered limbs, and this distracted, wearied spirit!

Whilst the Earl thus indulged his flattering prospects of tranquillity, the thoughts of Randolph were busy and disordered; he surveyed him with a mixture of pity and affection; and half suppressing the sigh that laboured in his breast, he assumed a look of ease and complacency, and invited Lord William and his attendants to partake of the refreshment which his neighbouring residence afforded. They passed on with the pleasing sensations of men, who after a length of days



spent in a foreign and unfriendly land, began once more to taste the comforts of a native country, and to share in the social intercourse of kinsmen and fellow citizens. Their leader turned to the youthful pilgrim, whom he embraced with a tender and affectionate concern; but with such joy as seemed clouded by the remembrance of past calamities. They retired a few paces as if in private conference, and the elder seemed intent in comforting and encouraging. The courteous Knight would not break in upon their private conference, and to leave them the more free to indulge that mutual affection which they discovered, he turned to his youths: 'Behold,' said he, 'this truly honourable Lord, great in descent, powerful in arms; full of the mighty spirit of his royal father the second Henry, a monarch fatally seduced by the beauty of Rosamond: and (mark the just dispensations of heaven) heavy was the punishment which the mother paid, for her forbidden love: nor hath misfortune spared this the offspring of an unlawful and unhappy passion. Yet let us be just to his virtues; and learn from him, that renown is not to be purchased but by toil and perils. Under his banners hath your father oftentimes encountered dangers. With him did I hasten to support the cause and title of our King, when John had met his fate, and the son of France rioted in the calamities of England. With him did these old arms contribute to execute the vengeance of our country upon the adherents of the perfidious Lewis; and when the Count Mal-leon revolted from his liege lord, and erected the standard of France in our province of Gascoigne, then did he bravely second the efforts of Richard, uncle to our Prince, and led us on to victory. Aspire to the same renown: but expect the like fortune: dream not of undisturbed happiness and tranquillity. By expecting labour and distress, you shall learn to encounter, and to conquer them, in a glorious and honest cause.'

Thus far paternal tenderness diverted the attention of Randolph from his illustrious friend, who in this short interval had been equally engaged. He embraced



ced his followers, congratulated their happy arrival, and zealously extolled their merits and faithful services. The Knight, with all due courtesy, led them on towards his hospitable hall, which soon opened to their view, and soon received the wearied guests. No friendly care was wanting to recal their languid and drooping spirits. As men just snatched from the dread gulph of misery, and suddenly restored to a degree of happiness beyond the hopes and even the conceptions of their dejected thoughts, they gazed each upon his fellow in a silent extacy of surprise and joy; and still more endeared to each other, as sharers in the same misfortunes, their eyes, their hands encountered spontaneously, and they embraced with an affecting cordiality and pleasure. Earl William, who now began to resume his native dignity, his eyes, as it were newly lightened up, his voice less plaintive, his aspect greater, and his port still more princely, earnestly seized the hand of that young personage, to whom he seemed more particularly attentive, and thus addressed himself to his host. 'O, my friend, here is our dearest charge. Know, and respect this beautiful maid, for such she is, the daughter of a brave and honest soldier. His name Les Roches, and once mine enemy: but fortune and his virtues united us in bands of friendship, truly sacred and inviolable. It is by his goodness that I now see my native land. His generous pity saved me when the arm of mine enemy was just raised to strike, to strike me basely, and treacherously, unknowing, unsuspecting, and unprovided for defence.' 'Welcome, Lady,' replied the Knight; 'alas! these limbs were not formed for toil or dangerous adventure. But where is thy gallant father? My heart pants to embrace him; an English heart, which holds a soldier dear, of whatever clime or country: and doubly dear, and doubly honoured, shall that soldier be, who restores a noble and beloved son to England.' Here grief threatened to break through the fair reserve of female modesty; and had already fallen in gentle drops, down her glowing cheeks; which the Earl perceiving, checked with a kindly reproving look; then softly entreated Ran-

dolph to summon such of his domestics as might be proper to conduct her to refreshment and repose. These instantly appeared, and were instructed to perform their offices with all tender and respectful care. The maid retired in silence: Randolph seemed wrapt in delight and wonder, whilst the Earl pursued her parting steps with looks of sweetest complacency and pity. The Knight then turning to the followers of this Lord, ‘My friends,’ said he, ‘your toils demand retirement: this roof knows no other happiness than to greet the approach of worth and valour. It is your’s, and use it freely. For this night, at least, forget your labours, and indulge your faint and harassed limbs in peaceful rest.’— ‘Yes,’ said the Earl, ‘to rest, my dear companions; but bear, with my impatience, and be stirring with the dawn; that we may issue forth with new-recruited speed, and quickly gain my castle. There shall our labours end; there shall the gentle Countess acknowledge your deserts; and there shall her long lost Lord reward your fidelity.— Sir Randolph, you too shall accompany us, and share the general joy. We shall teach you to receive your fellow soldier with a more lively sympathy, and brighten that honest aspect with gayer smiles.’

To this gentle reproof, which seemed to have escaped unwarily from the jealousy of friendship, Randolph made no reply; but with a countenance of strict composure, which effectually concealed whatever thoughts or passions were now busy in his mind, he invited Lord William to retire. ‘No, my friend,’ replied the Earl,— ‘my followers are happily disposed of: at last (thanks to the preserving hand of heaven, and to thee) they enjoy that secure repose, to which they have been so long strangers. I feel my heart eased of its oppressing load. Nor will I give these eyes to sleep, till I have heard— Say, what of my wife, what of my friends, of the King and realm, can my good host impart?— But chiefly of my wife; of Ela I would hear all thou canst deliver; how hath she borne this tedious absence? Knowest thou not of  
her

her present state? Speak! alas, the grief of my widowed dame seems to affect that good heart. But say, is she well?—Randolph had betrayed some agitation at these enquiries; but quickly recollecting his disordered thoughts, ‘Her tenderness and love for thee have been approved,’ said he, ‘in the absence of her Lord: to-morrow thou shalt see her in her princely castle. But now indulge my patience: say what means this garb? this appearance of misfortune? Who are these thy attendants?’—‘Yes,’ said the Earl, ‘I will tell thee all. Sit down,—Thou wilt not be displeased to hear the story of my misfortunes since our last dreadful separation.’ Randolph obeyed, and the Earl thus began.

S E C T. II.

**H**OW can I recal to mind the fatal time, when our victorious army, loaded with the spoils of Gascoigne, reembarked, and with hearts of joy and expectation, steered towards their native shore. Thou, Randolph, who hadst shared the dangers of our war, whose hoary head still disdained to droop beneath its beaver, must retain the dreadful remembrance of that night, when winds and seas conspired together, and united their unrelenting fury against the bands of England: when the roaring hurricane deafened us with its horrid menaces, and the frequent lightning served to disclose all the terrors of the gloomy deep. Our army, that had undauntedly defied the swords of France, found now another enemy, against whose obstinate assaults their courage seemed but ineffectual: and every moment presented us with the distracting expectation of perishing in dishonourable obscurity. And much doth it rejoice me, that in that extremity of distress, the blessed saints were not unmindful of Randolph, that my gallant knight was happily rescued from destruction, to cheer his friends, and enjoy his latter days in peace and dignity. The fate of Salisbury was more severe and affecting.

' affecting. The ship which received me and my af-  
 ' sociates was quickly separated from our fleet, a help-  
 ' less and solitary prey to the violence of the tempest,  
 ' which our pilot had neither skill nor spirit to oppose.  
 ' And in that dreadful moment, when, raised to a gid-  
 ' dy and terrible height, we hung upon the breaking  
 ' wave, or sunk down deep into the dark and yawning  
 ' gulph, then was my dear heart's treasure, my beloved  
 ' dame, present to my distracted mind: to die was  
 ' horrible; because to die was to be torn from Ela.  
 ' Her sorrows crowded upon my busy fancy; and I  
 ' sunk; O, my friend, how can I speak it! I sunk  
 ' into a coward.—Doth that tear now stealing down  
 ' your furrowed cheek express your pity of my weak-  
 ' ness, or a sense of my misfortunes?'—The disorder  
 of the good knight, which could no longer be en-  
 tirely concealed, here suspended the narration. Lord  
 William seized his hand with a look of surprize and  
 concern at his sensibility: but Randolph prevented all  
 expostulation, by a sudden and violent effort to resume  
 his serenity. He soon recalled his thoughts to a com-  
 posed attention, and at his desire the Earl proceeded.

' Heaven was at length pleased in some degree to  
 ' controul the violence of the storm. The dawn of  
 ' morning seemed to promise us at least some respite  
 ' from destruction: yet still, helpless and desponding,  
 ' without course or direction, we tossed as the winds  
 ' and tides impelled: and when at last we descried  
 ' land, that cheering object to wretches who have sup-  
 ' ported an unequal contest with the raging tempest,  
 ' only served to inspire us with new fears, lest it should  
 ' prove the land of our enemy. But alas! it was de-  
 ' creed (and the shocking scene still dwells on my ima-  
 ' gination in all its horror) that far the greater part of  
 ' us should never touch the shore which lay in view.  
 ' We steered upon a coast utterly unknown: the rock  
 ' which lay in ambush to destroy us, assailed our vessel;  
 ' the waves rushed impetuously through the breach.  
 ' In that dreadful moment, when hope vanished, when  
 ' Death stood with open arms to receive his prey, the  
 ' magnanimity of my dear unhappy companions——

' how



‘ how shall I speak it! They clung round my knees  
‘ with tears of solicitude and zeal for my preservation.  
‘ They entreated, they pressed, they forced me to seek  
‘ for safety in the boat, which it was their last care to  
‘ make ready for their beloved captain, with ten more  
‘ the most eminent in command. Resolute and undis-  
‘ mayed even in the very moment of their destruction,  
‘ they hailed our departure and triumphed in our safe-  
‘ ty. I hear their shouts! they still strike my ears.—  
‘ O England! can the world boast such sons?—The  
‘ deep closed over them, and snatched the dear,  
‘ afflicting, awful object for ever from our eyes.  
‘ We rowed away in silence and astonishment, suit  
‘ of the terrible idea, and little cheered by the  
‘ prospect of land, which we dreaded to find un-  
‘ friendly. Nor were our fears mistaken; for when  
‘ our last and utmost efforts had been exerted to gain  
‘ the shore, some wretched fishermen who had at first  
‘ gazed in expectation on our vessel, and at the sight of  
‘ armed men, fled precipitately into the country, ap-  
‘ peared by their garb and language to be French,  
‘ and convinced us that the prospect of immediate  
‘ destruction, was only changed for another no less  
‘ dreadful, that of an hard and tedious captivity: that  
‘ of falling into the hands of men whom we had but  
‘ now defied and vanquished; and being made the vic-  
‘ tims of revenge for blood still reeking upon our  
‘ blades.

‘ We moored our boat, uncertain what course to  
‘ pursue, whether to seek refuge from our enemies in  
‘ an unknown and tempestuous sea, or by advancing  
‘ forward to resign ourselves into their power. It was,  
‘ however, soon resolved boldly to meet our danger.  
‘ We moved on slowly and circumspect; the sun play-  
‘ ed upon our armour, and its reflected beams served  
‘ as a direction to a small armed band that had been  
‘ alarmed by their countrymen, and now marched forth  
‘ to seek their invaders. My companions, little dis-  
‘ mayed at such a superiority of numbers as they had  
‘ frequently repelled, unsheathed their swords, now  
‘ their only weapons, and stood, as men resolved to  
‘ defend



defend their lives and liberty to the utmost. The undaunted shew of resistance persuaded our enemies that some hostile design was meditated, and that greater numbers were approaching to our support. They halted and surveyed us; their bowmen discharged their shafts; and three of my unhappy friends lay bleeding upon the earth, pouring out their lives without a possibility of assistance, or the consolation of a brave revenge. Our enemies, animated by their success, rushed upon us; they felt our blades; but soon taught us that resistance was ineffectual. They surrounded my friends, and impatient to secure their captives, hurried them precipitately across the plain; but in their blind unguided fury, left me at some distance singly engaged with their commander, who with couched lance, spurred forward, and loudly called upon me to yield myself his prisoner, or meet my fate. Active and experienced in arms, I evaded his onset, and with this good sword (whose length and keenness had long been the terror of his countrymen) I aimed a blow, which was received by his fiery charger. The beast grew furious with anguish, and impatient of command soon cast his rider at my feet. But I, who neither inclined, nor deemed it prudent to pursue the work of death; ever ready to spare a prostrate foe, and nothing disposed to provoke a severe vengeance on my companions; lifted my beaver, and with looks of courtesy raised the leader from the ground. I prepared to accost him, when, starting back, as if unable to support some sudden and violent surprize; he stood speechless and motionless, casting his eyes to heaven, and fixing them on me by turns. Blessed Saints! — O noble Lord! — thus did he exclaim; Twice my preserver! How shall Les Roches repay thy exalted goodness? In the isle of Rhè! and thus attended! But fly this moment; I must rejoin my friends. That path is safe: it leads thee to a place of concealment: expect me soon; and expect some return of gratitude.

With

With these words, the stranger (for such he still seemed to me) turned hastily away, in pursuit of his troop, now leading off their prisoners in triumph. Nor could I suddenly recover from my amazement. Mine eyes still attended him, and marked his hasty steps, until he was lost in the distant crowd. Then suddenly recollecting mine own danger, and his friendly counsel, I took the path to which he had pointed, and measured out the tedious way with limbs wearied and faint, and with a mind no less harassed by tumultuous passions. Still confounded and perplexed, my thoughts fought in vain for that security, that concealment which the stranger had promised; when turning mine eyes eagerly on every side in search of some cheering object, they at length discovered at some distance a large and venerable pile. It's windows crowded with the foliage of their ornaments, and dimmed by the hand of the painter; it's numerous spires towering above the roof, and the christian ensign on it's front, declared it a residence of devotion and charity. Hither I determined to bend my course, and to fix here, my last and only hopes of refuge. War had long taught me to support toil and abstinence. But, alas! my spirit now denied it's wonted assistance to my exhausted strength, and when my limbs had laboured up the eminence on which this mansion stood, with slow and painful efforts; when a few paces only remained to bring me to the entrance, nature could struggle no farther; my sight grew clouded, I fell, as in the arms of death, and fainted under the severe oppression of fatigue and distress. Nor did my miserable state escape the regards of charity; for when my languid eyes again opened to the light, I found myself attended by one who seemed an inhabitant; and from him learned that I lay before the portal of an antient Abbey, where the brethren of the Cistercian order, employed their peaceful hours in orisons to heaven, and acts of humanity to their fellow creatures. The friendly door was laid open for my reception: the arm which had raised me from the ground, with the same humane

• mane concern supported my tottering steps, and led  
• me through the winding isles, to a retired cham-  
• ber; where the charitable offices of my attendant  
• were busily employed to provide whatever might  
• be needful for rest and refreshment, whatever might  
• recal the strength and comfort the afflicted spirit of  
• a wretched stranger.

• I felt the kind effects of his pious care; and  
• though still anxious and oppressed, yet relieved from  
• the extremity of languor, and conscious of returning  
• strength, I requested to be conducted to the reverend  
• Abbot; who in that instant prevented me, and enter-  
• ed, to enquire into the occasion of my arrival, and  
• to know what further offices might be granted to a  
• man, whose appearance and distress had by this time  
• engaged the attention of the whole fraternity. With  
• the authority of a superior, he directed my conductor  
• to withdraw, and for a while surveyed me with a kind  
• yet piercing eye. His aspect, from which the beams  
• of piety and charity seemed to break forth in a mild  
• and cheering light, commanded reverence and love.  
• I made the due obeysance, and entreated his kind  
• protection for a man who had drunk deeply of afflic-  
• tion, who stood before him a monument of the tre-  
• mendous displeasure of heaven, torn, perhaps, for  
• ever, from all that he held dear, cast on a foreign  
• shore, without guide, friend, or refuge: yet, some-  
• time, no stranger to happier days.' 'Son,' replied  
the venerable father, 'these gates are never barred  
• against the afflicted: but far be all pollution from our  
• walls! War hath been thy occupation: but hath  
• that sword been ever stained with the blood of a  
• friend or brother? Hath no great offence odious to  
• religion or humanity, cut thee off from society; and  
• driven thee away a wretched and abandoned wan-  
• derer? Impatient of suspicion, I fell upon my knees  
• before him, and instantly addressed myself to shrift;  
• opened my whole soul freely, as in the face of hea-  
• ven, declared my country, my name and quality;  
• and distinctly recounted my late unhappy fortunes.  
• The good father heard me with exact attention; he-  
• sitating

‘sitting and struggling with the rising passion, he uttered some words of comfort, while the big tear rolled down: nor did this mark of generous pity disgrace his venerable aspect; although he laboured to conceal it, when he was to urge the precepts of fortitude and patience.’ ‘My son! said he (now resuming a look of ease and composed dignity) Nature obliges us to feel, but Religion forbids us to repine. That power which deals out misfortune to sinful mortals, will, in his own appointed time, accept of their penitence, and wipe away their tears. Thou art the enemy of my country, but thou art a man. This roof shall not reject thee: retire and rest securely: the duties of my office call me: with tomorrow’s rising sun I will revisit thee.’ ‘He departed; and deprived me of that momentary comfort, which his looks and voice inspired.

‘The couch now received me, but not to repose. My busy thoughts, too long and too violently agitated to subside into serenity and quiet, revolved the dreadful scenes in which I had been just now engaged: sometimes were they fixed on the fate of my companions; now, on my own danger: and ever and anon distracted me with the recollection of my country, my family, and (O killing torment!) my wife. But I was not long permitted to indulge these sad reflections. A rude knocking at the gates echoed through the arched isles, and roused me from my gloomy dreams. Suddenly it ceased. Silence, still more alarming, and anxious expectation succeeded. I started up, and grasped my sword as it were instinctively. I heard the feet of haste approaching my chamber. The door opened, and there stood before me the Frenchman, whose life I had that day spared: and whom I now recognized rather by his voice, than by the glimmering lamp depending from the ceiling. Have I found my preserver? (thus did he earnestly accost me) well did I divine that he would find refuge with my reverend kinsman: and that I should still be able to repay the goodness of Lord William.’ — ‘Thou knowest me, said I, hastily.



‘ tily interrupting him ; twice, I think, thou saidst,  
‘ twice I had preserved thee. All this is strange, and  
‘ would be unfolded.’ ‘ Recal to mind, replied the  
‘ Frenchman, that busy day, when the gallant Earl of  
‘ Marche was forced to yield before the English bands  
‘ led by duke Richard and by thee. The impetuous  
‘ Mal-leon, he, whose envy of thy superior worth and  
‘ greatness had first prompted to revolt from En-  
‘ gland, he who hated thy name, and sickened at the  
‘ report of thy valour, loudly defied and challenged  
‘ thee: ye engaged, horse to horse, with the furious  
‘ rage of rivals ; and soon the superior prowess of  
‘ Salisbury prevailed.’ ‘ I well remember it, said I ;  
‘ and when the Count was sinking to the ground, a va-  
‘ liant soldier rushed forward to his rescue ; and exposed  
‘ himself to all the fury of his victorious enemies.’ ‘ I  
‘ was that soldier, cried he: mine own men shrunk  
‘ cowardly from me, the English surrounded me, and  
‘ when their swords were raised to destroy me ; then did  
‘ Lord William with difficulty repress their violence,  
‘ and I became his prisoner.’—Hereupon I interrupted  
‘ him.—A prisoner ! then were my intentions not duly  
‘ executed. That fidelity and valour which prompted  
‘ the brave soldier to defy the terrors of death in order  
‘ to preserve his friend, deserved more respect and bet-  
‘ ter fortune. My orders were that he should be freed  
‘ and honourably conducted to his own camp without  
‘ delay or ransom.’ ‘ And these orders were obeyed,  
‘ said he ; I was freed, I was honourably conducted to  
‘ my own camp without delay or ransom: and there  
‘ did I loudly proclaim thy worth. The listening sol-  
‘ diers hung on me with rapture whilst I told the deed:  
‘ and enemies were taught to revere the magnanimity  
‘ and generous humanity of England and of Salisbury.  
‘ O fatal zeal of gratitude ! The Count Mal-leon,  
‘ whose imperious spirit could but ill endure the pier-  
‘ cing wound his honour had now received ; discom-  
‘ fitted, disgraced, and doubly conquered, now felt the  
‘ most malignant passions rankling in his breast: tor-  
‘ tured by the praises of the conqueror, he breathed  
‘ revenge and fury ; thundered out the severest and  
‘ most



\* most tremendous menaces against himself, the world,  
 \* but above all against Lord William. O! would to  
 \* heaven that this extravagance of rage and malice  
 \* had even now subsided! Here the good Frenchman  
 \* seemed in no small emotion, raised, as I then con-  
 \* ceived, by the ardour of gratitude and indignation  
 \* at the ungenerous conduct of his countryman. I  
 \* endeavoured to divert him to some other subject, by  
 \* discovering an unwillingness of hearing my own  
 \* commendations, and by speaking of the malice of  
 \* my enemy with slight and scorn. 'Alas, said he,  
 \* thou knowest not half thy danger: In this island on  
 \* which thou hast been cast naked and defenceless,  
 \* Count Savourè de Mal-leon bears an absolute com-  
 \* mand. If he should discover thee (which heaven  
 \* forbid!) what fortunate event could save thy life?  
 \* or if spared, what ransom could purchase thy liberty?  
 \* I am indeed his officer, but all my cares and services  
 \* must be devoted to my preserver. Thy remaining  
 \* friends I have seen disposed, with such advantage as  
 \* their present state allows. Their ransom shall be my  
 \* work! but O, my heart bleeds for their noble leader!  
 \* I chose this silent hour, when darkness might  
 \* conceal me from the eye of suspicion, to come and  
 \* warn thee of thy danger. Let these holy walls still  
 \* conceal thee: nor dare to brave the arm of revenge  
 \* and malice. I must retire: thy friends shall be my  
 \* care: and may heaven direct me to some means of  
 \* speedily removing thee from this accursed place!  
 \* I seized the hand of the generous Les Roches, and  
 \* attempted to express my acknowledgements of his  
 \* humane and noble friendship: but he hastily broke  
 \* from me with a tender and affecting prayer for my  
 \* preservation; and left me full of wonder and per-  
 \* plexity.

## S E C T. III.

THE lingering hours of night at length passed away, and the Matin-bell summoned the reverend fraternity to their early devotions. Their pious cares for me were now renewed, their charitable offices repeated, to oblige and comfort me. The hoary Abbot returned to cheer me with his presence, and his ghostly counsel. I was witness of the comforts of religion and tranquillity. Happiness seemed to me the native resident of the cloister; and my repining heart murmured against heaven, that had marked me out for the storm and turbulence of life. Another day was spent, and another night passed away more tranquil and refreshing: and I rose with my thoughts fixed on the kind Les Roches, and in anxious impatience for his return. The day advanced, but my friend still delayed his coming. At length the charitable Abbot appeared, not with a front of placid serenity, but gloomy and contracted, full of anxiety and grief, which like the infectious blast that at once destroys the fruits of nature, filled my soul instantly with I knew not what dreadful and ominous presage. 'Unhappy son! said he; Mal-leon has discovered, if not the place of thy concealment, at least that thou art concealed in this island: thanks to the indiscretion of some of thy countrymen which disclosed the name of their commander. His jealousy points to Les Roches as the author of thy escape: vengeance is denounced against him; and this moment the good Les Roches lies in the damp dungeon.' 'For me I said I: And is charity so great a crime? Is tyranny suffered to rage thus without controul in France? For me doth my kind preserver endure the pain of captivity?— With a look in which affection and authority were united, the father here repressed my emotion. Son, said he, the time calls for calm and determined measures. In this place thou can'st not longer abide.

abide. Thy coming was not secret, and should it  
 reach Mal-leon, alas, I fear the impetuosity of that  
 proud Count might drive him to violate the sacred  
 privileges of our house. Les Roches, though now  
 unable to assist thee, is yet anxious still for thy pre-  
 servation. The peasant sent by him to inform me  
 of thy dangers, waits to conduct thee faithfully to  
 the vessel prepared to convey thee to Rochelle.  
 Thither thy ransomed friends have already directed  
 their course; and from thence some fortunate event  
 may conduct thee to thy native country. Tarry  
 here, until the shades of night may conceal thy  
 departure. Then issue forth: and may all good  
 angels hold thee in their protection! Our prayers  
 —Here pity stopped his voice; and filled his eyes  
 with tears; whilst I in broken accents laboured to  
 express my sense of his goodness, my pity for the  
 kind and injured Les Roches, and my indignation  
 at the baseness of Mal-leon. He saw my passionate  
 disorder; he entreated, he exhorted, and he re-  
 proved; till perceiving by my wandering and in-  
 attention, that my mind was too busily engaged to  
 admit his spiritual counsels, he retired and aban-  
 doned me to my own reflections; and these were  
 intirely confined to the misfortunes of the generous  
 and kind Les Roches. I accused myself as the  
 sole author of his sufferings; and abhorred the  
 mean design of flying, when I had involved my  
 friend in danger. What can the malice of Mal-leon  
 inflict on me (it was thus I reasoned) if to purchase  
 the liberty of my preserver, I resign myself into his  
 power? To kill me! — That were unnatural. The  
 man I never injured cannot proceed to such an ex-  
 travagance of calm unprovoked cruelty. Or if he  
 could, my country could not long be unacquainted  
 with my fate; and would (he must be well assured)  
 discharge all it's vengeance on my destroyer. And  
 shall the fear of bearing the insult and triumph of  
 my rival in arms, shall the tediousness of captivity or  
 the severities of a prison, drive me from the man  
 who suffers for his goodness towards me? Shall I  
 : sacrifice

‘ sacrifice his freedom, perhaps his life, only to hasten  
‘ my return to England.—The thought appeared  
‘ odious and dishonourable. I instantly formed the  
‘ darling resolution of purchasing the freedom of  
‘ Les Roches, by delivering myself into the hands of  
‘ my enemy; and spent the remaining hours of day in  
‘ that satisfaction and complacency which arise from  
‘ the flattering ideas of self-applause. The sun de-  
‘ clined; darkness gradually prevailed, and at length  
‘ brought on the hour of my departure. And now,  
‘ firmly and obstinately settled in my dangerous pur-  
‘ pose, I received the benediction of the reverend Ab-  
‘ bot, with a countenance of fixed serenity, which he,  
‘ good man, commended, as an indication of my re-  
‘ liance upon heaven. Touched with his goodness, I  
‘ could not suppress the tears that started from me, and  
‘ interrupted my grateful acknowledgements of his  
‘ charitable care, and his zealous prayers for my pro-  
‘ tection. Our hands were clasped in each other;  
‘ our eyes rather than our tongues spoke the emotions  
‘ of our breasts, until the father, who first made the  
‘ effort to repress his passion, urged the necessity of  
‘ my departure: and while he ardently commended  
‘ me to every holy saint, I issued forth under the di-  
‘ rection of the peasant my conductor.

‘ I had not departed many paces from the Abbey,  
‘ when addressing myself to the guide, with a voice  
‘ which bespoke a deliberate and determined resolu-  
‘ tion, I commanded him to conduct me to the prison  
‘ where Les Roches lay confined. The poor man,  
‘ who was no stranger to my quality or to my ha-  
‘ zardous situation, expressed the utmost horror and  
‘ astonishment; and in language rude and unrefined,  
‘ yet such as denoted an honest and a tender affection,  
‘ attempted to remonstrate against such a perilous de-  
‘ sign. I shewed him gold; but this had no effect. I  
‘ then drew my sword, and threatened him with the  
‘ utmost severity of vengeance, unless he instantly  
‘ obeyed my command. Terror seemed to have a  
‘ greater influence than entreaties or promises. He  
‘ changed his course and called on me to follow.

‘ Thus



Thus directed, I eagerly took the path which I supposed would lead me to my friend; filled with the high thoughts of obtaining his freedom by a free resignation of my own. But after long traversing the gloomy and tedious way, I found too late that either fear and darkness had misled my conductor, or that he had purposely deceived my expectations; for when the dawn began to appear, we found ourselves suddenly prevented from all farther progress by a deep and rapid current. The peasant trembled; but I had no power (however irritated) to punish his error, or his mistaken tenderness. Exhausted as I was, with fatigue and inward agitation, my arm with difficulty took the casque from my forehead. I dipped it in the stream, and drank deeply; then resigning my feeble limbs to the dank ground, insensible of all danger, and indifferent to my fate, I sunk into a profound sleep, nor did I awaken till the meridian sun flashed upon me with its beams and roused me by the full force of their heat and brightness. I called on the peasant; but he had deserted me. I arose, and wandered slowly along the banks of the river, without purpose or direction: and so freely did I indulge the wandering of my thoughts, so far was I lost to recollection, that I never once perceived the sound of approaching feet, till I was encompassed by six armed men, who proved, as I at once supposed, the guards of Count Mal-leon.—But, my friend, why should I abuse thy indulgence, by this minute detail? Night steals fast from us. Let me not forget what thy age demands.’ ‘No,’ replied Randolph, think not of me; my soul is all attention to the misfortunes of my leader. Hasten and give to my impatience the story of thy deliverance, that I too, in my turn, may relate the things which demand thy serious ear.’—The Earl then proceeded.



## SECT. IV.

THE soldiers required my name, my purpose, and destination: and as I had long since resigned all hopes of escape, I discovered myself without reserve or difficulty. Two of them were instantly dismissed with a nod, and departed with the most precipitate speed. Whilst the remaining number, with that courtesy and respect, which bespoke them the brave and generous sons of honourable war, conducted me to a cottage that lay at some small distance, fast by the margin of the current. Here I was treated, not with imperious insolence, the effects of base and dishonourable enmity, but with all humane and kind regards due to a brave unfortunate. This encouraged me to attempt some conference with my keepers; who, on their part, discovered no reluctance to gratify their prisoner. From them I learned that my guide had really mistaken the way, and that I now lay within one hour's distance from the castle of their Lord. I earnestly enquired after the fate of Les Roches, and heard with a mixture of joy, and vexation at my own precipitate conduct, that on the preceding night, he had been released from his captivity. When I expressed my surprize and satisfaction at this event, I was told that immediately after that the surviving Englishmen had been ransomed by the bounty of Les Roches, and suffered, at his intercession, to depart; Count Savourè had received information that one of them had rashly discovered, that the Lord of Salisbury, their leader, was still in the isle of Rhè! This instantly kindled up a flame of passion in his breast. He affected to regard the tale of their distress as vain and fictitious; and expressed strong apprehensions of a conspiracy formed by his enemies in concert with his officer to seize the island. In this sudden and violent fit of rage, he had commanded Les Roches to prison, and ordered a strict guard to watch round the coast. The French-

man,

man, conscious of his own innocence, exclaimed loudly against the severity of his commander; mentioned the inconsiderable number of the Englishmen that had appeared, and enlarged on the unreasonable nature of the Count's suspicions. He demanded to know, if any man had dared to accuse him; if he had an accuser, he defied him to the lists, and offered to prove his falsehood and his own loyalty in single combat. Yet with what reserve so ever these soldiers spoke of their commander, I learned clearly that his remonstrances had not so great an effect on Count Savourè, as the power and influence of Les Roches, who though he fought under his command, had himself a numerous and formidable body of feudatory vassals, that attended him in arms, and were attached to their Chief with an ardent and invariable affection. It appeared plainly, that fear (for cruel natures are most accessible to fear) had determined the imperious Count to release my friend, when the first sudden passion of rage had somewhat abated, and no appearance of danger had been discovered. My guards informed me still farther, that on this very morning, Mal-leon had repented of his lenity; and that his apprehensions were again awakened, as he had received information, that on that part of the shore which looks towards the main land of France, another vessel had been discovered hovering about the island, with an appearance which fully warranted suspicion. I readily concluded that this was no other than the vessel in which my ransomed friends had embarked, and which still lay off the shore in hopes of receiving me. But without discovering this, I contented myself with earnestly disavowing, in general, all intentions of an hostile nature; nor could I speak of the mean fears and insolent severity of Mal-leon but with a warm and passionate indignation. But here our conference was interrupted by the arrival of another body, who came, as they said, to take charge of me, and dismissed the others from their attendance. I now expected to be led in triumph to the presence of my

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‘ enemy, but soon learned that I was to continue for  
 ‘ some time in my present situation. At this I ven-  
 ‘ tured to express some surprize. But the looks and  
 ‘ words of sullen gloom and moroseness which these  
 ‘ my new guards assumed, obliged me to suppress all  
 ‘ farther enquiries. I submitted patiently to my fate.  
 ‘ I was disarmed, and confined in the cottage under  
 ‘ the care of two soldiers, who seemed to command the  
 ‘ party, the rest of which they had disposed at some  
 ‘ distance, in different situations, to watch all ap-  
 ‘ proaches that might threaten rescue.

‘ Night advanced upon us, and I was left to my re-  
 ‘ pose: but what repose remained for a wretch tossed  
 ‘ about thro’ all the vicissitudes of danger, toil, and  
 ‘ distress, by the capricious cruelty of fortune? A  
 ‘ thousand thoughts and a thousand passions encoun-  
 ‘ tered each other in my distracted breast. I threw  
 ‘ myself upon my hard and homely couch; and started  
 ‘ up by turns; like the feverish wretch, incessantly  
 ‘ changing, in fruitless search of ease. Nature seemed  
 ‘ to lower upon me, and to thunder terror into my af-  
 ‘ frightened ears: the loud storm and the roaring torrent  
 ‘ broke in upon the silence of night, and made darkness  
 ‘ doubly dreadful. How did I then accuse the slow  
 ‘ and indolent advances of time; that tortured me with  
 ‘ cruel delay? Oftentimes did I endeavour to compose  
 ‘ my troubled thoughts; and as often did the terrors  
 ‘ of the night awaken my distractions. Watchful and  
 ‘ disordered as I was, my soul was soon tortured with  
 ‘ a new and terrible alarm. It was now the dead  
 ‘ midnight hour: on that side where my chamber  
 ‘ looked down upon the troubled river, I plainly heard  
 ‘ my two guards in dreadful conference encouraging  
 ‘ each other to the horrid purpose of murder.’ ‘ It  
 ‘ is now, said one, the very moment of execution; he  
 ‘ sleeps: take you this dagger, and let us enter:  
 ‘ when we have dispatched this Englishman, my orders  
 ‘ are to plunge his body in the river, that it may be  
 ‘ thought he has escaped: observe me well: and be  
 ‘ assured of the favour of our Count. The dagger is  
 ‘ the last resource. No blood if possible: our first at-  
 ‘ tempt

‘tempt must be by strangling.’—‘Accursed wretch!’ cried Randolph, with a sudden and violent interruption, ‘what was the crime of Salisbury? Is superior worth so odious and insupportable? Can envy prove so bloody?’—‘Oftentimes, said Lord William, have I seen death loading the fields of war with frightful carnage: and never did my soul shrink at his approach: but now when he appeared in the form of a calm and deliberate assassin, I at once lost all firmness. The cold dew issued from every pore; I commended myself to heaven; and lay entranced in dismay. A hideous interval of suspense succeeded, for the murderers had not yet appeared. The torture of this delay was even worse than death. To this I had resigned myself, or even wished to receive it. Still I lay in stupid expectation of the fatal messengers of death; and still their horrid deed was suspended. A sudden and violent tumult recalled my dying senses, the noise grew nearer and louder. I started at the clash of arms: I heard a groan. The crowd prest in upon me, and I saw Les Roches, my kind preserver, his eyes darting rage, and his weapon reeking with slaughter.’ ‘There lies the wretch, said he, who dared to lift his sword against my approach.’ ‘I threw myself into his bloody arms, in a rapturous extacy of joy and gratitude, and just found breath to exclaim, Gracious powers! am I then rescued from the base murderer’s arm?’ ‘Murder! cried Les Roches; for this horrid purpose then wert thou detained here! But it is well: there wanted but this to confirm those brave spirits, who feel and will revenge our wrongs. No prisoner now! No concealed fugitive! Lord William shall confront his enemy; and take his free course, undaunted and uncontrouled in the fair face of day; and scorn the malice of this injurious Count. But haste—and let us join our friends.’

‘I obeyed the joyful summons; but first searched for my armour, which the guards, whose power was now expired, had taken from me. The attendants of Les Roches buckled on my harness, and I once



‘ more grasped my sword. I issued forth as if restored from the grave, accompanied by Les Roches and his companions, leading away my guards whom they had overpowered. And scarcely had we measured out the distance of an arrow’s flight, when we descried a gallant troop marching toward us, who raised a shout of triumph at our approach, and received us with the joy of brethren and associates. I expressed my surprize, but was soon taught the reason of this appearance, and the cause of my surprising change of fortune. I now learned that Mal-leon, like the unskilful soldier who by the force of his own ill-directed blow is oftentimes tumbled to the ground, was defeated in the purposes of his malice, by the blind and furious impetuosity of that very malice. In his first rage of disappointed revenge, he had injured and insulted a brave chief, who had ranged his numerous adherents under the banners of this proud Count, and given their swords to support his power. The gentle manners of Les Roches had ever commanded the affections of his adherents, and now, when they saw their chief thrust into the vile dungeon, in contempt of all his former services; and for no crime, but the suspicion of having spared an helpless wanderer, their mutiny, like the noise of distant thunder, tho’ not violent, was yet terrible; and struck the ear with the threatenings of an approaching storm. Mal-leon quickly perceived the danger, and endeavoured to correct his hasty error, by releasing Les Roches from his captivity. But little did this ungracious condescension allay the ferment of his vassals, little did their chief regard this extorted act of justice, as the reparation due to his injured honour, and little did it allay the ardor of his affection and solicitude for the man he now called his friend. It was his first care to employ the liberty he had regained, in my protection; and with a few chosen followers he instantly hastened to the shore, whither he had directed the faithful peasant to conduct me. But Salisbury was not to be found. Yet still flattered with the hope

‘ that



that my speed had prevented him, and that I had already embarked, he returned with his attendants, to whom he distinctly related our first encounter in the island, and his cares to defend me from the malice of my rival. They were taught to love me, to pity my fortunes, and to rejoice in my supposed escape. The infection spread among their associates. I became the general object of their discourse; when suddenly, the peasant who had fled from me in wild affright, to inform his master of my situation, arrived and acquainted them, that, amidst all my dangers, I had obstinately resolved not to abandon my friend, but to share his fortune; in despite of all the power and cruelty of Mal-Jeon. Scarcely had he informed them of his own error, and the place where he had left me, when the news arrived of my being seized, and detained until the Count might declare his pleasure. Not the flashing lightning when it has broken in upon a forest of our stately oaks, ever raised a more sudden and violent conflagration, than these accounts kindled in the minds of the brave soldiers of Les Roches. It was at once resolved for ever to abandon the service of a tyrannical and revengeful Lord, and to rescue me from his oppressive power. But their Chief wisely laboured to temper and allay the violence which threatened to defeat its own purpose. By his persuasion it was determined to act with secrecy and caution: to wait until darkness might conceal their motions, and to chuse the dead hour of midnight, to surprize my guards, and to snatch me from the cruel malice of my enemy. Eternal goodness! that directed their hearts, and guided their steps, be witness for me, with what gratitude I received my miraculous preservation! No longer the helpless victim of fell revenge, no longer crouching under the ruthless arm of a ruffian, I felt my afflictions no more: they vanished like a frightful dream, which the chearful beams of morning had dissipated. And I now appeared as indeed a soldier, encompassed by a hardy band, in the gay trim of war, to which the rising light gave new lustre:

‘ still farther irritated by the black design of murder ;  
 ‘ loudly encouraging me to rely on their protection,  
 ‘ and to bid defiance to the ungenerous cruel Count.  
 ‘ Nor was this confidence slightly founded ; for I  
 ‘ learned that by their revolt Mal-leon was deprived  
 ‘ of a force, which fully equalled all that yet remained  
 ‘ under his command.’

## S E C T. V.

‘ **T**HEY now marched on, publicly disclaiming  
 ‘ all obedience but to their chief Les Roches ;  
 ‘ not as intending hostilities, but determined to retire  
 ‘ from the island ; and to demonstrate the sincerity of  
 ‘ their declarations, the guards lately overpowered  
 ‘ were already freed and courteously dismissed ; nor  
 ‘ was even the surviving ruffian detained. Count Sa-  
 ‘ vourè could not look with unconcern at so alarming  
 ‘ a defection in his troops. All his remaining force  
 ‘ was instantly collected, and soon we were confronted  
 ‘ by a considerable body led by the proud Count, that  
 ‘ stopped our farther progress : and while each party  
 ‘ drew up in formidable array, each was possessed  
 ‘ with anxiety and expectation. On our side, a firm  
 ‘ resolution to support our purpose to the last, was un-  
 ‘ alterably fixed in every heart, yet with humane con-  
 ‘ cern and generous reluctance against shedding the  
 ‘ blood of countrymen, endeared by natural affection,  
 ‘ and a long social intercourse. The little armies stood  
 ‘ for a while in a state of sullen inaction lowering upon  
 ‘ each other : a delay which seemed to declare that  
 ‘ neither presumed on any superiority, and that both  
 ‘ expected, and desired a parly. This was at length  
 ‘ proposed by my friend, and readily accepted.

‘ The commanders on each side advanced with a  
 ‘ few attendants : and first Mal-leon proudly demand-  
 ‘ ed the reason of this appearance of disloyalty and hos-  
 ‘ tility. Les Roches repelled his accusation by re-  
 ‘ counting the injuries that had been offered to his  
 ‘ honour and independance : urged the ungrateful re-

‘ turns

‘ turns made to his free and faithful services, by a vile  
 ‘ unprovoked imprisonment, and declared that his sole  
 ‘ purpose was to withdraw his arms from a Lord, who  
 ‘ had loaded him with wrongs and disgrace. To this  
 ‘ the Count replied, that the present appearance dis-  
 ‘ covered clearly the necessity and the justice of his  
 ‘ late conduct: that it now plainly appeared, that Les  
 ‘ Roches had united with his enemy and the enemy of  
 ‘ his country, to tear the island from him; and that  
 ‘ far from having oppressed or injured him, nothing  
 ‘ but his own mistaken lenity had enabled a false  
 ‘ Frenchman to proceed in this traiterous design. For  
 ‘ this had he rescued from him the man who had base-  
 ‘ ly stolen upon his territory, to corrupt his dependants,  
 ‘ and to arm them against their Lord; for this he had  
 ‘ murdered his officer, who gallantly opposed his un-  
 ‘ just attempt; and for this he now stood in arms,  
 ‘ ready to sacrifice his kinsmen and countrymen to  
 ‘ the treacherous purpose of an Englishman, who did  
 ‘ not dare to meet him bravely in the field, but la-  
 ‘ boured to destroy him by the secret practices of  
 ‘ fraud and circumvention.

‘ To this my friend answered with a generous  
 ‘ warmth, That as my soul was incapable of a base de-  
 ‘ sign, so my manner of coming into the island plain-  
 ‘ ly removed all suspicions of any attempt against his  
 ‘ government: that, cast as I was upon his shore,  
 ‘ helpless and unattended by any numbers that could  
 ‘ create the least fear, my endeavours had solely been  
 ‘ exerted to elude his search, and to regain my native  
 ‘ country: that all his own offence had been an en-  
 ‘ deavour, tho’ fruitless, to favour the secret retreat of  
 ‘ a noble enemy to whom he owed his life and liber-  
 ‘ ty: nor could he repent of his grateful efforts, when  
 ‘ no ransom was to be accepted, no captivity or re-  
 ‘ straint was deemed sufficiently severe, for a noble,  
 ‘ generous, and unhappy Lord; when the ruffian had  
 ‘ been hired to shed his blood, and in the dead hour  
 ‘ of night dared to lift the murderous dagger a-  
 ‘ gainst his unoffending, unsuspecting innocence.

‘ Suspicion, grief and indignation now raised a confused murmur among the attendants of Mal-leon ;  
‘ the same imprellions, together with the story of intended murder, quickly reached their associates and spread contagiously through their lines. While the  
‘ anguish of confusion, shame, revenge, and disappointment, turned the aspect of Count Savourè to  
‘ ghastly pale. Yet, dreading the effects of this discovery, he soon endeavoured to assume a look of composure and conscious integrity ; exclaimed loudly  
‘ against the infamous contrivance to destroy his honour, and vehemently disavowed all intentions, but  
‘ such as were fully warranted by the laws of honourable war. This declaration silenced the disorder in  
‘ his troops ; whose honest hearts could not, without regret, believe their general guilty of so black an attempt : he warmly repeated his professions of innocence ; and called for the soldier said to be accomplice to him in whose breast Les Roches had plunged  
‘ his sword. The steady villain now stood forth, and assumed such a countenance as effectually concealed  
‘ his falsehood from every human eye. In the face of  
‘ both the armies, falling upon his knees and lifting up his eyes towards heaven, he called on every saint  
‘ to bear witness to his innocence, and with horrid imprecations of the divine wrath, declared, that the  
‘ only orders of his Lord had been to treat their prisoner with respect and care besitting an illustrious soldier. The constancy and the fair appearance of ingenuous sincerity which accompanied these solemn  
‘ declarations, failed not of their desired effect : the troops of Count Mal-leon were fired with indignation, and joyed to find that their commander had not  
‘ acted unworthy of his own and of his country’s honour ; they expressed a violent and tumultuous rage  
‘ against the author of this supposed calumny ; whilst the adherents of the good Les Roches were confounded and abased. Their eyes were turned upon me,  
‘ with suspicion and cold distrust ; the boldest among them ventured to break out into rude invectives, and  
‘ to propose that I should be instantly delivered up into  
‘ the

the hands of their brave countryman, whom I had so basely abused by my horrid imputations. My enemy exulted ; my friend, tho' still amply satisfied of my truth and honour, was perplexed and grieved ; and the fate of Salisbury seemed to depend on a single moment of tumult and confusion ; when with an effort of desperate resolution I stepped forth, and both parties hung upon me with looks of mute suspense and expectation, I recounted plainly and clearly all my adventures, since fortune had driven me to this unkind shore ; my departure from the Abbey, with a full intention of resigning myself into the power of the Count, in order to preserve my friend : my being seized by the guards, and detained on the spot where they had found me, instead of being conducted to prison, or to the presence of Mal-leon ; a circumstance full of suspicion ! I described that dreadful night in all its horrors, when I had been so wonderfully delivered from instant death. And if any doubt remained of my truth and sincerity, I offered to make my solemn appeal to heaven. There ! said I, casting down my gage, I am ready to prove upon that recreant Lord his vile falsehoods, and to assert my own innocence, and his dishonour, in single combat.

Thou hast seen two gallant bands closing with each other ; and for a while maintaining the conflict in terrible suspense, pressed and receding, recovering and pressing, by turns, until one mighty effort determines the fortune of the day, and the whole tumultuous rout of vanquished and victors, pour along the plain. Such had been the war of passions in these two parties, and such was now the force with which both were hurried away. My bold challenge was received with an universal acclamation by men too zealous votaries of warlike glory and honour, to desire, that baseness and falsehood should be supported or concealed. Shame forbade the Count to decline this hardy trial, and tho' appalled by conscious guilt, he accepted my defiance. Les Roches, whose friendly cares never were diverted from me, demanded an



‘ interval of two days to restore my harassed mind and body to their native vigour, and to prepare me for the encounter. This could not be refused ; the time, the place, and every previous circumstance was soon adjusted as the laws of arms require ; and each party drew off in silent expectation of the event.

‘ On the second morning, as I revolved my late dangers, and indulged the pleasing thoughts of my fate being soon to be decided by the fair and honourable chance of arms, an officer from count Mal-leon appeared before the place of my residence and demanded admission to Lord Salisbury. I received him accompanied by my friend. ‘ Count Savourè, said he, thirsts not for thy blood. It hath been thy desire to depart this island in peace : he commands me to acquaint thee that a barque is prepared, and that thou mayest, unopposed and unmolested, seek thy native land : he wishes not to detain thee, nor regards the honour of vanquishing Lord William as the least accession to his renown.’ My eyes darted fiery indignation upon this messenger of abject fear. ‘ I defy his power, said I, and scorn his friendship. I stay not here by his permission, and without his permission will I depart. Thinks he that an English Lord will fully his fair fame, and meanly steal away from honourable danger ? Bear back my defiance to the man who could entertain so base a thought. Tell him I shall here wait, and wait with impatience for the dawning of to-morrow.’ The officer departed : my friend embraced me with tears of joy, whilst I felt my heart chearful and dilated ; and from this overture derived an happy presage of victory.

‘ The morning of combat now appeared ; nor did I wait the summons of my friends, but impatient for the great decision, I prevented their officious care and stood before them in arms, demanding to be conducted to the lists. These were prepared with every accustomed provision and defence against fraud or treachery. And while I entered on one side attended by Les Roches and his chosen companions, Count Savourè appeared with an equal number of attendants

‘ on

‘ on the other, darting looks of deadly hate, rather than  
‘ of manly valour. We advanced towards each other,  
‘ not with the courtesy of honourable rivals, but sul-  
‘ len and indignant, silent and disdainful. Our assistants  
‘ having first exacted the usual oaths, in which we dis-  
‘ claimed all unlawful methods of defence, all fraudu-  
‘ lent or magical resources, separated us from each o-  
‘ ther, and pointed out our just stations. Here while  
‘ our horses pawed the ground, impatient to start for-  
‘ ward, we waited the signal of the trumpets; when  
‘ suddenly our attendants burst into the middle space,  
‘ and called upon us to dismount. We obeyed; and  
‘ as I advanced towards the crowd of knights and  
‘ squires, I soon discovered my dear and reverend  
‘ friend the Abbot, directing and commanding them  
‘ with a paternal authority. Two were ordered to  
‘ take charge of our horses and our weapons, whilst  
‘ the father approached and invited us to a private  
‘ conference. Lord Mal-leon,’ said he, ‘ hear me,  
‘ and tremble at thy presumption: tempt not the wrath  
‘ of heaven, by exposing thyself to the hazard of arms,  
‘ in a cause which thou knowest is unjust. And do  
‘ thou, Lord William, remember, that thou art forbid-  
‘ den to seek a brutal revenge.’ The Count was just  
‘ preparing to express his indignation at such a bold  
‘ and unexpected interruption, when the father survey-  
‘ ing him with a look of pity, mixed with some degree  
‘ of scorn, proceeded thus: ‘ The wretch hired by  
‘ thee to shed the blood of this unhappy Lord, tho’  
‘ sorely wounded by Les Roches, was yet left with  
‘ some remains of life; the peasants bore him to our  
‘ house for relief, and ghostly comfort. There he ex-  
‘ pired; but not before his parting breath had publicly  
‘ declared the dreadful purpose—but I will not wound  
‘ thy ears with the horrid recital. Alas! thy shame  
‘ is but too well known. If thou hast yet the smallest  
‘ remains of goodness, dare not by this combat to de-  
‘ fy the award of heaven; nor longer pursue this Lord  
‘ with causeless hatred.’ My rival now seemed to  
‘ shrink before me, into all the meanness of disgrace,  
‘ and abject baseness: whilst my triumph was more ex-  
‘ alted,

'alied, than the most successful event of combat  
 'could have given. My eyes were lighted up with  
 'indignation, but my heart disdained reproaches.  
 'Whilst I embraced the reverend father, and freely  
 'submitted my arms to his direction and controul,  
 'anguish, shame, remorse, and envy seemed to tear the  
 'soul of Mal-leon with their united tortures; tears?  
 'burst from him, not the gentle drops of penitence;  
 'but tears of vexation, of disappointed and detected  
 'malice. Silent and trembling, he seemed irresolute  
 'for some moments: then, in fullen and broken ac-  
 'cents, he just forced out; 'I will not—depart—  
 'I will not fight with thee—my prisoner—yet I seek  
 'no ransom: retire from this island; and henceforth  
 'avoid my fury.' Here a loud shout prevented my  
 reply. 'The soldiers of Les Roches, by this time  
 'informed of the tidings which the Abbot brought,  
 'and which were no longer secret, hastened to re-  
 'ceive me with their gratulations; and whilst they  
 'accompanied me to their camp, the base Count,  
 'followed by a silent and dejected party, marched  
 'away, and covered his disgraced head in the recesses  
 'of his castle.'



## B O O K II.

## S E C T. I.

**T**HE good old Knight could not suppress his exultation at the final issue of this dangerous contest. He prest the hand of Lord William with an affectionate warmth, and congratulated him on his victory over his base and treacherous foe, a victory much more compleat, much more mortifying to his rival, than could possibly have been acquired by arms. But the Earl soon restrained his joy, by acquainting him, that this event did not put an end to his dangers. Randolph once more composed himself into a grave and earnest attention, and Lord William thus resumed the story of his fortunes.

‘ To retire from this odious scene of my calamity, was now the great purpose upon which my soul was fixed. I had leisure to indulge my wishes to regain my friends, my country and my wife; and earnestly entreated Les Roches to crown all his goodness by speedily recalling my countrymen, and providing a vessel to convey us to the English shore. He expressed his surprize and concern at this request, he urged the danger of attempting a return, without a force sufficient to defend me against an enemy who could not be a stranger to such a design, and whose deadly hate must prompt him to arrest me in my passage. No, my friend, said he, attend us into France. South of the city of Poitiers my castle lies: at no inconvenient distance from the coast. Thither permit me to conduct thee: and thence with a retinue befitting his greatness, shall Earl William be attended in honour and security to England.

‘ The

‘ The apprehensions of falling once more into the hands of malice and insolent revenge, prevailed over my impatience, and determined me to embrace this friendly counsel. A few chosen followers were dispatched to Rochelle, where my countrymen lay in anxious expectation of their leader, who informed them of our fortunes, and, after an interval of some days, returned with all conveniences for transporting the forces of Les Roches. Our embarkation wore a gay and gallant aspect, conducted with chearfulness and zeal, without fear of danger or controul. The last vessel had now received my friend and me, and was on the point of leaving the shore; when we discovered a soldier hastening down towards us, and with extended arms entreating to be received. We demanded his name, and the reason of his extraordinary appearance. ‘ Alas! cried he, with that abasement which marks out calamity and oppression; but yesterday the officer of Mal-leon, favoured and honoured by my leader; now the victim of his wild revenge, unless your protection shall deign to shield the unfortunate D’Aumont.’ Here our attention was awakened, and I soon discovered that he was that messenger who the morning before our intended combat, had accosted me with those overtures which fear had extorted from Mal-leon. As he stood upon the beach, with the passionate warmth of a sincere and deeply-pierced mind, the soldier thus proceeded. ‘ When insolent revenge and cruelty point their ungenerous fury against a valiant but unfortunate rival, what heart must not be moved; and what brave son of war can conceal his indignation? Let the coward dissemble his emotions; alas I have not learned his virtue, nor know I that mean reserve which he calls prudence. Lord Salisbury is the enemy of Count Saviourè, but a gallant and an honourable enemy. Let me ever emulate his exalted virtues, and scorn the base and cruel envy that would oppress them. We were soon no strangers to his fortunes; and while the abject minions of a proud Lord suppressed their pity; my thoughts were not  
so



' so obedient to controul; they forced their way bold-  
 ' ly: and surprized my fellow soldiers with the most  
 ' ardent expressions of indignation at the malice of  
 ' our leader, whose flatterers treasured up the danger-  
 ' ous discourse, and failed not to convey it faithfully  
 ' to his ear. And now D'Aumont was marked out  
 ' for destruction: when rage and vengeance were ready  
 ' to seize me, I fled. If my services may merit  
 ' your protection, use them, and save me from ruin.  
 ' Should Savourè spare and forgive me; witness, ye  
 ' holy angels! this arm shall never draw it's weapon  
 ' for that dishonourable Lord. No! if I am aban-  
 ' doned, let me wander in disgraceful obscurity, let  
 ' me feel the hard hand of want and poverty, or let  
 ' me die rather than be made, perhaps, the minister  
 ' of bloody cruelty on some brave soldier, who hath  
 ' become odious by his virtues.'—Dangerous hypo-  
 ' crisy! how exactly canst thou assume the fairest sem-  
 ' blances of goodness! O why should generous and  
 ' ingenuous minds be more particularly the prey of  
 ' thine accursed artifice? —We received him with-  
 ' out the least difficulty or suspicion; and his wiley  
 ' arts of insinuation not only wrought us to pity, but  
 ' soon commanded our affections and implicit confi-  
 ' dence. On me his attention was perpetually en-  
 ' gaged, ever officious in performing all the little  
 ' offices which bespoke respect and love. His tears  
 ' flowed instantly at the mention of my misfortunes;  
 ' his eyes were lighted up with indignation, at the  
 ' very name of my enemy. If we spoke of his cru-  
 ' elty, he trembled; if of his cowardice, he smiled  
 ' with contempt, or frowned with stern abhorrence.  
 ' In a word, the ardor of his affection seemed not so  
 ' much the effect of humanity, as of a long, an inti-  
 ' mate and tender friendship. Les Roches admired  
 ' the virtues of this D'Aumont: nor could my heart  
 ' refuse it's full return of affection and gratitude to  
 ' such exalted goodness. D'Aumont became our  
 ' friend and counsellor: he shared our thoughts and  
 ' directed our actions.

' We

‘ We were now happily arrived at Rochelle, where  
‘ I embraced my countrymen, whose suspense and  
‘ apprehensions were at length dispelled. Filled with  
‘ joy and gay expectations, we all advanced forward  
‘ towards the domain of our kind protector, confident  
‘ of comfort and security under his hospitable roof.  
‘ His followers, no longer deeming their services ne-  
‘ cessary to their Lord, and impatient to revisit their  
‘ several habitations, separated in their march; and  
‘ left us, not wholly unattended, but at the head of  
‘ an inconsiderable body, when we at length arrived at  
‘ the castle of Les Roches. Here we had been taught  
‘ to expect the cheerful welcome of affection; and  
‘ here we now looked for joy and congratulation, the  
‘ kind greetings of friends, and the officious cares of  
‘ domestics. But alas, we had entered the mansion of  
‘ sorrow. On every face sat silent grief and conster-  
‘ nation, and chilled our souls with terrible apprehen-  
‘ sions. My friend cast his eyes round with the most  
‘ earnest anxiety; sometimes they turned on me; now  
‘ on his attendants. At length he rushed precipitately  
‘ from us, and traversed the apartments, as if in  
‘ search of something particularly dear to him. I  
‘ looked upon D’Aumont, who seemed equally asto-  
‘ nished and equally uninformed of the cause of this  
‘ strange disorder. Some few broken exclamations  
‘ of surprize and sollicitude were all that my tongue  
‘ could utter. Tortured with expectation, and impa-  
‘ tience to know the worst that fortune threatened, I  
‘ eagerly waited the return of my friend, certain to  
‘ receive the news of some calamity, but utterly in-  
‘ capable of forming the least conjecture of its nature,  
‘ circumstances or extent. Les Roches prolonged his  
‘ absence to a tedious and afflicting length. At last a  
‘ domestic appeared, and called for D’Aumont; who  
‘ as he departed, turned upon me with a look of sur-  
‘ prize and concern, then vanished, and left me to all  
‘ the torture of uncertainty. A thousand extrava-  
‘ gant conjectures did my fancy form, and reject by  
‘ turns. My countrymen, equally perplexed and agi-  
‘ tated, gazed on me and each other in silent astonish-  
‘ ment.

ment. ' Good heaven ! what new wonders ! for what are we reserved ! ' Thus did I exclaim ; and in that moment some attendants entered, and with courteous and gentle demeanour inviting us to follow, conducted us to several chambers where refreshment was provided with all hospitable care ; yet in all the silence and solemnity of sorrow. Thrice did I essay to speak my wonder, and as often did fear suppress my voice. Still my friend delayed his appearance, but after a tedious and distracting interval, D'Aumont at length stood before me, with an aspect which redoubled all that horror which my soul had for some time felt. I eagerly enquired about Les Roches ; Alas, said he, I know not what sudden gloom hath possessed this Baron. He hath long since departed with a few attendants : on me devolves the command of this castle. I am now his officer, and must implicitly obey his orders : and his orders are that the Lord of Salisbury should be entertained with all due honours : a prisoner indeed, but a noble prisoner, the rigours of his confinement must be duly allayed, by respect and careful attention.' I started and exclaimed — ' Prisoner ! Confinement ! Explain this wonder.' ' Such, said he, are the commands of Les Roches. This chamber must content thee. The guards who are to confine thee within these bounds are enjoined the strictest vigilance, yet with due deference and care to do thee service.' ' Do I dream ? ' cried I, is this real ? is this my hospitable reception ? ' Then pressing the hand of D'Aumont, whose dejected looks seemed to promise sympathy, and tender pity, I eagerly urged him to give me the whole story of this surprizing change. Again indulging my distractions ; ' Is Les Roches false to me ? ' said I. ' O no, it cannot be ; the good, the tender, the affectionate Les Roches, my friend, my preserver ? Do not wrong his virtues. It cannot be. Where is he ? why delays he ? O wretch, why dost thou torment my soul with idle terrors ? '

' The Frenchman appeared violently moved at my disorder. His tears (for he could command tears) flowed

' flowed freely : his sighs were deep and frequent ;  
 ' and his voice broken and interrupted : at length, as  
 ' if recollecting some share of reason and calm reflection,  
 ' ' Unhappy Lord ! said he, too truly have I  
 ' declared thy situation. But what hath moved Les  
 ' Roches to this, or for what fortunes Earl William is  
 ' reserved, alas, is yet a secret to D'Aumont. Too  
 ' true it is that some extraordinary event hath called  
 ' away the Lord of this place. Perhaps he hath  
 ' found it necessary to deliver thee back into the  
 ' power of Mal-leon ; perhaps he hath rescued thee  
 ' from the rage of that proud Count, that he may  
 ' have the glory of displaying to his countrymen an  
 ' illustrious captive won by himself. But I fear his  
 ' virtue most. Yes it must be so. He hath indeed  
 ' preserved thee from the treacherous attempts of base  
 ' envy, but his duty to his Prince and to his country  
 ' forbids him to restore to England the champion that  
 ' hath fought her battles against France. O rigid sense  
 ' of duty, that thus tears asunder the bands of nature  
 ' and friendship ! Happy D'Aumont, whose soul aspires  
 ' not to such high unfeeling virtue ! who cannot  
 ' resist the tender sollicitations of pity ! Let me ever  
 ' indulge the kind emotion, uncontrouled by rigorous  
 ' scruples, or splendid notions of duty, too severe and  
 ' too exalted for humanity.'

' These suggestions exactly answered to his purpose.  
 ' My soul was too much disordered to examine them  
 ' by the rules of calm deliberate reason ; and the emotion  
 ' which he assumed, increased my inward tumult,  
 ' and gave him entire possession of my heart. In this  
 ' fatal moment, the tenderness, the zeal, the solicitude,  
 ' the sufferings of Les Roches all vanished  
 ' from my thoughts. I had even forgotten the confusion  
 ' which appeared in his castle on our arrival, and  
 ' his own surprize and concern. I had forgotten that  
 ' some unexpected event must have torn him from me.  
 ' I imputed his absence to no other cause but the shame  
 ' of encountering the looks and reproaches of a man  
 ' whom he had betrayed : and all confused and distracted  
 ' as I was, resigned myself entirely to the influence

fluence of this new friend, whose power was like that of those infernal imps who, they say, command the winds to roar or to be still, and the waves to swell or to subside, as their wicked purposes require. As he depressed or roused me, I melted into grief, or raged in all the violence of vain and impotent indignation. I now considered myself as an helpless prey, doomed to inevitable destruction, surrounded on all sides by my hunters, and fatally lured to their toils. Nor was D'Aumont at all sollicitous to dispel my fears. He expatiated on the horrors of a dungeon, on the wretchedness of captivity, the cruel tyranny of exasperated enemies and rivals, the loss of friends and honours; years of bondage spent in gloomy solitude, in useless inaction: the gazing curiosity of the base and ignoble, the insolence and triumphant scorn of the coward, who had perhaps trembled at my sword, and fled from my arm in battle: then, as if afraid to dwell upon the terrible idea, he just hinted at the tears of my friends, and the sorrow of an helpless widowed wife.

Hast thou never heard that the enemy of mankind oftentimes presents shocking and frightful phantoms before the eyes of the holy hermit, in order to distract his thoughts and to confound his purposes? Such were the arts by which this Frenchman practised upon my soul. I started up in a sudden fit of fury and extravagance. I cursed my own blindness and folly, that had betrayed me into the power of my enemies; and when I had once escaped, had seduced me into France, instead of steering directly for the shore of England. Then madly seizing D'Aumont, I thundered out terrible execrations on his head, and wild menaces of vengeance, as an accomplice in cursed treachery. He trembled; and with silent looks and tears seemed kindly to reproach my unjust suspicions: then in broken and imperfect words, appeared to struggle with his passions, and complained of the wrong done to his friendship. I instantly melted into all the tenderness of grief and affection: and ardently embracing the Frenchman,

\*

I ac-



' I acknowledged my error, and requested his assistance  
 ' and counsel, in this my dangerous situation. ' Alas!  
 ' said he, if I am true to Salisbury, I must betray Les  
 ' Roches. Hard situation for the soldier, who owes  
 ' exact obedience to the dictates of duty and honour.  
 ' But too well I feel that my heart is not secured against  
 ' the assaults of pity. Yes I am thine! and wholly thine!  
 ' Here he clasped me in his arms: and thus proceeded.  
 ' I must deliver thee; and one moment's delay may  
 ' deprive me of that power. Here we must not abide.  
 ' Let us depart together; and let me share thy for-  
 ' tune. Some friends I have that shall receive and  
 ' comfort thee. I know the way that leads to the  
 ' coast, and will conduct thee. Thence may Lord  
 ' Salisbury soon find the means of returning to his  
 ' native country: and thither (for thou wilt not leave  
 ' me to the mercy of our common unemies) shall D'  
 ' Aumont attend thee. I heard him with eagerness,  
 ' and implicit confidence. Without pause or reflecti-  
 ' on I submitted to his guidance; and in that very  
 ' hour, we both departed from the castle.

## S E C T. II.

' **T**HUS had I rashly ventured forth into a wide  
 ' and unknown scene of danger; under the  
 ' direction of a false guide, whose treachery was soon  
 ' discovered. It was night; and the moon cast her  
 ' mild gleam over all the prospect that lay before us.  
 ' D'Aumont repeated his assurances of friendship,  
 ' spoke with chearfulness and confidence, encouraging  
 ' me to hope, and to fix my reliance on his services.  
 ' I expected every instant to be conducted to some  
 ' place of retirement and friendly reception. Some-  
 ' times I expressed my uneasiness, but ever and anon  
 ' my guide practised his arts of soothing persuasion,  
 ' and flattering professions, to allay my fears; thus  
 ' we proceeded for some hours: at length, in our  
 ' tedious progress, we passed by the skirts of a thick  
 ' forest, from whence our ears were first pierced with  
 ' shrill

‘ shrill and lamentable shrieks as if from a female voice,  
 ‘ and instantly afterwards, there issued out a small  
 ‘ number of armed men, who surrounded us, and  
 ‘ demanded our names and quality. My companion,  
 ‘ nothing alarmed at this appearance, made the like  
 ‘ enquiries on his part, and learned that they were the  
 ‘ soldiers of Chauvigny Lord of Poitiers. I seek  
 ‘ that Lord, [said he; when one of the soldiers sur-  
 ‘ veying him attentively, replied, D’Aumont! —  
 ‘ I know thee now! what from Count Mal-leon!  
 ‘ I started at the hideous name, and turning on my  
 ‘ companion, perceived that the blood had deserted  
 ‘ his cheeks, and that he stood in violent agitations.  
 ‘ But ere I could express my wonder, retiring a few  
 ‘ paces from me he cried out, there stands Lord  
 ‘ Salisbury: my purpose was to conduct him to  
 ‘ Poitiers: he is now your prisoner, and let him be  
 ‘ quickly conveyed to your Lord. I stood confound-  
 ‘ ed for a moment at this astonishing treachery, then  
 ‘ quickly drawing my sword, I ran furiously upon D’  
 ‘ Aumont; nor was it without the utmost difficulty  
 ‘ that the soldiers restrained my just vengeance, over-  
 ‘ powered, and disarmed me; then leading me into  
 ‘ the wood, we joined some others of their body,  
 ‘ who were intently engaged on a spectacle of pity.

‘ A youth who seemed just rising to manhood,  
 ‘ of graceful form, tall of stature, and with limbs  
 ‘ of perfect shape, lay sorely wounded upon the  
 ‘ ground, languid, pale, and bloody. Over him  
 ‘ hung one in the habit of a page, younger and  
 ‘ still more exquisitely beautiful, piercing the air  
 ‘ with lamentations, and eagerly employed in binding  
 ‘ up the wounds of the fallen youth, with locks of  
 ‘ comely auburn, torn from a fair though dishevelled  
 ‘ head. No sooner had the soldiers proclaimed my  
 ‘ name to their associates, than the page, turning up-  
 ‘ on me with a face which discovered one of nature’s  
 ‘ most lovely productions, sullied and disordered by  
 ‘ grief, just exclaimed; O fatal cause of all my mi-  
 ‘ sery!’ then bending down again, as if disdain-  
 ‘ ing attention to any but one favourite object, returned

‘ the

' the charitable cares of assisting, and supporting the  
 ' wounded youth; who by this time revived from  
 ' his trance, and cast a languid look of love and  
 ' tenderness upon his kind companion. ' O Jacques-  
 ' line, said he, are we then prevented? But thou  
 ' hast escaped the present danger. Nor shall force  
 ' tear me from thee, or time efface thy remembrance.  
 ' This was answered with deep sighs and tender  
 ' looks, which spoke an affection ardent and power-  
 ' ful, tho' controuled by the presence of strangers,  
 ' Every word and every action increased my surprise.  
 ' Utterly unable to conceive how any part of the  
 ' distress I now beheld could be imputed to me, I  
 ' attempted with all courtesy to accost the page; who,  
 ' on the other hand, had no eyes, no ear, no voice  
 ' for me. But how was my astonished soul afflicted  
 ' and confounded, when one of the soldiers casually  
 ' discovered, that this page was no other than a young  
 ' maiden, and daughter to Les Roches! Whilst she  
 ' was busily employed about the wounded youth, and  
 ' with the assistance of some soldiers raising him from  
 ' the ground, I turned to D'Aumont with looks of  
 ' rage and anguish. Wretch! said I, explain this  
 ' wonder. Is this the work of thy cursed treachery?  
 ' No, proud Lord, replied the false Frenchman; This  
 ' youth is son to Count Chauvigny, whose prisoner I  
 ' have made thee: but were he mine enemy, I am  
 ' no murderer. Witness for me, that if my nature  
 ' had been cruel, I might have plunged the dagger  
 ' into thine own heart. What though I promised  
 ' Mal-leon to use all my art to separate thee from thy  
 ' protector, and to betray thee into the power of the  
 ' Lord of Poitiers, yet I scorn the base work of  
 ' blood! I have used my art, and with success: I  
 ' have served my country and my Chief, to whose  
 ' hand the laws of war, and thy fate consign thee,  
 ' and to whom thou shalt be soon restored by his friend  
 ' Chauvigny.

' I prepared to retort this insolence, when the sol-  
 ' diers interrupted, and commanded me to attend them  
 ' to Poitiers: whither we now bent our course, the  
 ' wounded

wounded youth being supported by the soldiers, and followed by the sorrowful Jacqueline. But scarcely had we proceeded a few paces, when another and a larger body of armed men was discovered, rushing precipitately across the plain. My guards nothing doubting but that these were friends, took no pains to avoid their approach. As they poured down upon us, their leader cast his eyes on me, and with plain marks of surprize pronounced my name, when instantly the whole party fell with the utmost fury upon my guards. They in vain endeavoured to support an unequal contest, encouraged by the voice and actions of D'Aumont, who fought with desperate rage. Impatient to take a share in this encounter, I suddenly snatched my sword from the soldier who had seized it, and flew upon my betrayer; but ere I could execute my just vengeance, his false heart was pierced by another arm. My guard were at length wholly overpowered: a few lay bleeding; the rest yielded their arms and were made prisoners, together with the wounded youth and his fair attendant almost expiring with terror and astonishment.

And now I learned from my deliverers some part of that distress, in which I had involved the good Les Roches, and the danger which I had escaped. Hear the story, as it was then, and afterwards unfolded, still more clearly. The delay of our embarkation from the isle of Rhè had given the implacable Mal-leon an opportunity of dispatching a messenger to Lord Chauvigny, by whom he accused Les Roches, of practices against his government, and of wresting from him a prisoner of so much consequence as Salisbury. This Lord, fired at the supposed injury offered to his friend, seized the castle of Les Roches, with the too common violence of a neighbouring and more powerful Baron; and carried off his only daughter, as a pledge for my surrender, if still in the hands of Les Roches, or as a means of awakening my sense of honour and gratitude, and thus obliging me to return, if already dismissed. Hence the grief and confusion of the domestics

' domesticks, at our arrival, and hence, the disorder  
 ' of my friend: who, dreading my impetuosity  
 ' and well remembering how rashly I had resolved  
 ' to deliver myself to Count Mal-leon, in order  
 ' to gain his liberty, determined to conceal from  
 ' me the cause of this disorder, and to try what  
 ' might be effected by force of arms for the rescue of  
 ' his daughter. D'Aumont, with whom he consult-  
 ' ed, and to whom he spoke his fears of my precipi-  
 ' tate generosity, commended his resolution; and as  
 ' he prepared for immediate departure in order to col-  
 ' lect his force, the false Frenchman proposed, that  
 ' to himself should be committed the care of prevent-  
 ' ing me from leaving the castle, in his absence.  
 ' How he abused this trust, thou hast already heard:  
 ' but heaven was pleased to make his treachery the  
 ' means of my preservation. Chauvigny who was  
 ' still further informed of our approach, and of the  
 ' weakness of our retinue, determined to make him-  
 ' self master both of mine, and of the person of my  
 ' friend: and no sooner had I departed from the cas-  
 ' tle, under the conduct of my perfidious guide,  
 ' than it was again seized by a force detached for  
 ' that purpose, whilst another body hastening to sup-  
 ' port their associates, accidentally encountred Les  
 ' Roches, dispersed his followers, and were only pre-  
 ' vented from seizing him by the desperate valour of  
 ' my seven Englishmen, whose attendance he had re-  
 ' quired, and who now with difficulty secured his re-  
 ' treat. A number of his followers thus dispersed,  
 ' fled with precipitate haste towards their private  
 ' haunts, for present security, and to collect new  
 ' force for the deliverance of their chief: and in their  
 ' flight, proved my deliverers.

' They now submitted to my direction, and in-  
 ' vited me to share their fortune; and by my persua-  
 ' sion they dismissed the soldiers of Chauvigny, toge-  
 ' ther with his wounded son. I embraced the youth  
 ' at his departure, who seemed confounded and  
 ' ashamed at the violence with which his father pur-  
 ' sued a stranger thus superior to revenge. His eyes

were



were turned on Jacqueline, whose looks and tears expressed all the anguish of separation. But the daughter of my dearest friend was a treasure not to be entrusted to the mercy of an enemy; and she was therefore detained however reluctant. My deliverers, anxious for our security, conveyed us with rapid speed to the fastness of an high and dreary mountain, where an humble cottage received, and the kind offices of honest poverty relieved us. And here, this maid, whose beauty created love and reverence in the breast of every beholder, informed me freely of her dangers and distress. Soon as she had been conveyed to the castle of Poitiers, the young Chauvigny already no stranger to the charms of Jacqueline, visited the fair prisoner, and endeavoured to allay her sorrows. Beauty, when distressed, is doubly powerful; and when pity unites with love, no heart can resist their impression. This the youth experienced. His soul became totally subdued; nor could he conceal the generous weakness. He pleaded, in all the most affecting accents of a sincere and ardent passion: nor did he plead in vain. The maid, too susceptible of tenderness, and too artless to conceal her sensibility, heard him with indulgence, approved his worth, nor frowned on his love. Yet still a greatness and elevation of soul, gave dignity to her female softness. She demanded a strong, and to a lover a severe, proof of his sincerity. Restore me to my father, said she, then speak thy passion. He entreated, wept, and conjured; she answered as before: till at length, the youth consented to the painful task of approving his sincerity, by parting with the dear object of his passion. A habit was provided to conceal the maid: and at the appointed hour, when guards had been bribed, and suspicion lulled to sleep, she issued forth, under the conduct of her lover, and directed her eager steps towards her father's castle. And fatal had been the end of this rash design, had not heaven wonderfully interposed. They had advanced considerably in their

' progress, filled with gay hopes, and insensible to  
 ' danger, when some lawless rovers of the night, ar-  
 ' rested, and began to rifle them. The young Lord  
 ' patiently submitted to their depredations; but alarm-  
 ' ed for his dear companion, and anxious to conceal  
 ' the secret of her sex from brutal violence, he called  
 ' upon them to spare the page, and with loud denun-  
 ' ciations of vengeance, wildly assailed the wretch  
 ' who was preparing to strip his Jacqueline. A sud-  
 ' den wound laid him on the earth; the forest echoed  
 ' with the shrieks of the distracted maid; and in that  
 ' moment the soldiers sent in pursuit of them (for  
 ' their departure was not long concealed) happily  
 ' appeared in view, and drove the robbers from their  
 ' prey.

## S E C T. III.

' I Adored the preserving hand of heaven, whose  
 ' influence had appeared so evidently in these  
 ' events. The treachery of D'Aumont in seeking to  
 ' destroy me, had opportunely conveyed me from the  
 ' power of my enemies. The violence and oppression  
 ' of Chauvigny, had proved the means of sending me  
 ' deliverers, when fortune seemed most to frown upon  
 ' me: and of giving up his own son to my mercy.  
 ' I was now at liberty, if an obscure and comfortless  
 ' retreat could deserve that name: I had delivered  
 ' an helpless maid, the dear child and precious trea-  
 ' sure of my friend, from the power of an oppressor:  
 ' I was attended by honest and faithful followers,  
 ' resolute to protect, and zealous to oblige me: yet  
 ' still my soul was anxious for the fortune of the kind  
 ' and generous Les Roches, whose virtues seemed to  
 ' have drawn down ruin upon his injured head.  
 ' Some emissaries I sent forth from time to time, to  
 ' learn his fate: but no intelligence of his situation  
 ' could be obtained. His castle was deserted, his  
 ' friends dispersed, he himself lost in some obscure  
 ' retirement with my gallant Englishmen, or perhaps  
 ' slain

slain by the malice of his pursuers. The proud Lord of Poitiers had in the name of his prince (unwarrantably assumed to support his oppression) proclaimed him a traitor; and denounced death against those who should presume to assist him. Such was the rage and malice of disappointed pride.

I joined my tears with those of the charming Jacqueline at these afflicting tidings. Weeks and months passed away in the tortures of anxious uncertainty. Tho' careless of my own fate, yet I felt the tenderest concern for my dear charge; whom I conducted from one retreat to another, as the alarm of danger drove us forward, or the advice of our followers directed. My cares had now taught her to love me, as a parent and preserver: and the magnanimity which she discovered amidst all her dangers and difficulties, commanded my respect and admiration. She endured fatigue not only with cheerfulness, but joy; and as if from her infant years inured to poverty and hardships, she seemed to have retained no memory of the ease and softness of prosperity; nor did the tear ever start from her eye, but at the recollection of her father. A courage above her sex, and a surprizing recollection and command of thought much beyond her years, never once deserted her, in the most trying moments: so that, whoever beheld her manly garb, and observed her determined spirit, must have supposed that I was attended by a youth, not yet initiated in arms, but eagerly ambitious to become a soldier, and impatient to enter on the course of gallant action and renown. She it was who first proposed the design of quitting these ignoble retreats, and endeavouring to find her father, now, when time had abated the ardor of our enemy's pursuit; and she too suggested the disguise which effectually concealed us from jealousy and malice. By the assistance of our faithful adherents, the habit of a Palmer was provided for each: and thus accoutred, we ventured forth from our retreat; I, the father;

ther; she, the blooming son; whilst a few zealous  
 and humble friends, themselves disguised, watched  
 our steps at some distance, and waited to repel our  
 dangers. Long time we journeyed on, and often  
 were we indebted to the kind offices of charity, un-  
 discovered and unsuspected. Often times have I  
 gratified the curious peasant, whose hospitable door  
 was opened for our reception, with the recital of  
 hardy deeds atchieved by his noble countrymen when  
 the christian powers united against the infidel: and  
 oftentimes have I repeated my tale, to gain his con-  
 fidence, and to lead him to some discoveries that  
 might direct me to my friend. But never could we  
 receive the least information of Les Roches, or  
 of his fortunes. Oblivion seemed to have involved  
 him in her gloomy shades, deserted, abandoned,  
 and forgotten by his unkind, ungrateful country-  
 men; yet ever and anon, the remembrance of his  
 goodness, and the thought of those calamities in  
 which I had involved him, recurred to torment my  
 soul: nor was the melancholy idea ever absent from  
 the mind of Jacqueline.

Our excursions were prolonged to a tedious and  
 oppressing length. Sometimes the heavy hand of  
 fatigue and languor pressed sore upon my dear com-  
 panion, and called for all my care and tenderness:  
 and these were again amply repaid, when the vio-  
 lent and complicated griefs that preyed upon my  
 heart threatened me with some heavy malady.  
 Thus wandering on, and wearied in a fruitless  
 search, chance rather than our own determination  
 led us to the sea coast, where the wide extended scene  
 displayed before me, awakened all my eager wishes  
 to revisit England. Oftentimes did I cast my eyes  
 forward toward that seat of honour and security,  
 and as oft did they turn back on France, as if in  
 search of my dear and injured friend. Not my own  
 fortunes only were now the object of my thoughts:  
 Jacqueline, the child of my preserver, the partner  
 of his sorrows and his sufferings, demanded a share  
 in my solicitude. I had still gold to bribe the sailor

to convey us to a harbour of safety. I could not bear the thought of leaving this precious pledge of friendship to the care of poor and helpless followers; and yet my soul was pained, when I made an effort to persuade her to seek refuge in an unknown country, and to resign her last faint hopes of embracing a beloved parent. Here all my address was employed, and every flattering suggestion urged to quiet her anxiety. All our disappointed enquiries I converted into arguments of the caution and vigilance of Les Roches, which must have effectually concealed him from the malice of his pursuers. I spoke of my own influence in the English court, of the military power I could command: and conjured her to rest assured that nothing was wanting for his protection but my appearance in England: that there I could command authority and power sufficient to support his rights, and redress his injuries. Her great soul was animated with new vigour and resolution at the thoughts of redress: and with a firmness which would have done honour to the boldest sex, she freely consented to submit to my direction, and declared herself ready to attend me.

Our two followers, whose unwearied zeal had not yet lost sight of us, were now employed to procure a vessel to convey us from the land of danger and oppression: as two pilgrims, engaged by solemn vows to visit the lately erected shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury; the fame of which had not been confined to England. Some days past in expectation of their success, an interval which was employed in comforting my fair charge, and confirming her resolution. On the morning of a vernal day, we wandered forth from the charitable cottage, that lately had received us, to indulge our gentle conference without fear or controul. The sun was climbing to his meridian height, and warned us to repose under the shade of a steeply rising hill, whose trees nodded over us, and embrowned the neighbouring plain. Here we had not long reclined, when the noise of jocund mirth struck our



ears, and called our attention to two travellers, who lay at some distance, sharing their friendly meal. I started, and listened to the well known sounds; I heard my own native lays, sweetly rehearsing the renowned deeds of Arthur valiant prince, the ancient wars of Ambrose the Armoric knight, and the triumphs of British valour. I melted into tears, (such are the tender emotions which the love of country raises in our breasts) then rushing impetuously towards the travellers, I gazed on them with astonishment; they sprung from the ground, no less surprized, and I embraced two of my dear countrymen, and late companions. They surveyed me with joy and wonder, they acquainted me that their fellows were at hand; they asked by what miracle I had been preserved; but I at once stopped their enquiries by demanding to know the fate of Les Roches. Their cold and mournful looks at the mention of this name, chilled the blood of Jacqueline, who had by this time joyned us.' 'Say, said she, in breathless agitation, when, how, where did Les Roches perish? Could not his followers defend him? Or did they desert him? Perfidious men! Where were their coward swords, when the malice of his persecutors tore his poor helpless body? No faithful friend to defend him? No charitable hand to close his dying eyes?' Here a flood of tears broke forth, while my countrymen wondered at her emotion: and eager to remove her suspicions, declared, that Les Roches had wanted neither fidelity nor courage to defend him.' 'Lives he? cried the maid; where? lead me to him!' And again resigned herself to sorrow, when the Englishmen declared that they were strangers to his fate, nor knew his place of residence if yet alive. I interposed to moderate her passion; then turning to my friends, demanded the full relation of their fortunes, since treachery and oppression had last torn us from each other.

'They had been persuaded, (as I now learned) that I must have been seized in the castle, and  
that

that I now lay under the severe oppression of captivity; as Les Roches had instantly acquainted them with the secret of his daughter's being conveyed to Poitiers, with his apprehensions of my precipitate zeal, and the measures he had taken to prevent any rash purpose of throwing myself into the hands of my pursuers. They had attended him in his sudden excursion to collect his forces, and in the gallant act of defending him, they had been particularly animated by Fitz-Alan, the man whose inconsiderate error had first disclosed my name in the isle of Rhè, and who now fought with redoubled fury, to atone for his fatal imprudence. He it was who, when Les Roches lay surrounded and disarmed, hewed his way thro' unequal numbers, and led the brave Englishmen to his rescue. They took their course from his direction, and conveyed him to the neighbouring hills, where secret and unvisited retreats received him, and where the vigilance and bravery of his followers guarded against the approach of fraud and violence. His own countrymen, awed by the denunciations of Chauvigny, deserted their unhappy chief, the helpless and abandoned victim of fatigue and want. The woods supplied his nourishment; the naked turf received his devoted head, whilst the fidelity and affection of his associates watched his broken slumbers. Long time had they attended him from one retreat to another, thro' a series of uniform distress, without any new or extraordinary change of fortune; till on one fatal morning, they whose industry had been employed in hunting for food, and they who had the charge of watching near his humble couch, were struck with confusion and surprise, when they came to seek their leader. He had suddenly disappeared, nor could their most diligent enquiries learn his new residence, or inform them of his fate. And now, impatient of their situation, and determined rather to yield themselves into the hands of their enemies, than to waste a tedious life in distressful and useless retirement, they

descended from their mountains, and boldly adventured into more known and more frequented paths. Here they soon found that the hopes of regaining England were not yet to be resigned. Pursuit and difficulty had ceased: they passed on unnoticed and unmolested, and at length gained the coast, where we were now all happily assembled.

The vessel lay ready to receive us; we embarked with joy; yet still cautious to guard against malice and hostility, I continued my disguise. The winds were long unfavourable; and frequently were our souls terrified with the most alarming menaces of destruction. Twice did I embrace my lovely charge, in firm persuasion that I had taken my last and final farewell; and that the approaching hour must have consigned us to one general ruin. Yet still the holy saints denied not their protection. Courage and vigour unabated, successfully contended against the angry elements. Harassed, wasted, and oppressed with toil, we at length gained the cheering prospect of our dear native shore. Here our shattered vessel happily arrived; and here we repose our wearied limbs under your hospitable protection.'

#### S E C T. IV.

THE Earl ceased; and Randolph, who had listened with exact attention, paused for a moment, in thoughtful silence, raised his eyes and hands to heaven, in rapturous admiration, and grateful acknowledgement of that power which had hitherto conducted his friend safely through this variety of peril and distress; then freely exclaimed at the envy of Mal-leon, the tyranny of Chauvigny, and the treachery of D'Aumont; with all the zeal of generous indignation and abhorrence. His tears confessed that pity with which he thought on the cruel fate of Les Roches, and infected the Earl with a tender emotion of grief for the misfortunes of his dear friend

friend and protector. He had not entertained the least suspicion but that his own misfortunes were now compleatly ended; that any thing more remained, but to repair to his castle, and comfort his solitary Countess; yet now, when restored to a degree of tranquillity, he again offered at some enquiries on his part, of his house, his son and wife, but was instantly interrupted by Randolph, who reminded him of rest. The night was far spent: fatigue and sleep, which the agitation raised by the recital of his adventures, had hitherto repelled, now resumed their power, and invaded him with double force. He retired, and at last enjoyed the comfort (to him long unknown) of peaceful and secure repose.

Age had made Randolph watchful. He rose before the dawn; and was soon joined by the attendants of Lord William, who advanced to greet their host, and to acknowledge his generous cares. Their mutual salutations were cordial, and affectionate; the Englishmen seemed to have forgot their toils; lusty and spirited they stood accoutred, and prepared to meet their leader, earnest to tender their services, and impatient to accompany his progress. Nor did they long wait for the appearance of Lord William: He had sprung from his couch refreshed and restored to life and vigour, and now came forth to embrace the companions of his labours, and to repeat his congratulations. ‘My friends,’ said Randolph, ‘bear with us for a moment. I have something which demands the private attention of the Earl.—Yet——no——It need not be concealed from you: Your counsels may assist us.’ Thus speaking, he led the way towards a private apartment; whither he was followed by the Earl and his companions, not without some degree of wonder and anxious expectation.

Randolph cast his eyes downwards for some moments, and was silent: then turning them on Lord William, ‘For what fortunes,’ said he, ‘this Earl is preserved, I know not: but tranquillity seems yet to be removed to some distance from his grasp:

‘ something still remains to exercise his spirit. Raymond, nephew to that Hubert whose councils govern our King, now possesses his castle. There, and through all its district, he governs with an absolute sway.’—‘ What! cried Salisbury, is my power expired! Do I indeed live? Or have my rights been forfeited?—Where were my friends? Hath my Countess been ignominiously driven out by the usurper? Is this the reward of my services?—’ Randolph here repressed his violence: and demanding a calm and patient attention, the Knight thus proceeded.

‘ We all know with what uncontrouled power Hubert rules in the court of England: how his subtle arts of insinuation have penetrated into the inmost heart of our Henry; and now direct all its motions and designs. Already too dangerous, he seeks but to extend his influence and authority, and to heap wealth and honours on his family and dependents. These are his great purposes; and to these he sacrifices the reputation of his master, and the welfare of his country. To him was soon conveyed the false intelligence, that Earl William and his Knights, separated from our fleet in the tempestuous tumult, had perished in the deep. The King heard the tidings with kind concern, and paid the just tribute of sorrow to his unhappy kinsman, and brave soldier. The crafty Hubert assumed the semblance of grief, whilst his soul was busy in contriving the means of turning this event to his own interested purposes. He seized the easy and complying moment, when the King lay most open to his influence: he represented the close alliance, in which Raymond his good nephew stood to the illustrious house of Salisbury: he reminded him, that by the royal bounty, Lord William had obtained the heiress of that house with her possessions, and urged that the same royal bounty ought now to confer this gift on him, whom nature seemed to point out as the true inheritor. In a word, he asked this boon, that Raymond should be permitted to

‘ wed



‘wed the Countess, now supposed a widow, and to enjoy her ample fortunes and her honours.’ — ‘Heavens!’ exclaimed the Earl, ‘this man admitted to her bed! — Am I so soon forgotten? What? not a few months of sorrow! —’ ‘Think not hardly of the Countess,’ said Randolph; ‘her dignity of soul.’ — ‘Yes!’ cried William again interrupting him, ‘I know it. — It cannot be — proceed, and give me all those strange events.’ — ‘The King,’ replied Randolph, ‘granted his suit without difficulty. Go, said he, command Raymond to prepare for his departure: let him summon all his address and eloquence, to prevail upon the gentle Countess. No easy conquest, she; no common prize! My grace waits on her consent.’ — ‘Consent! impossible!’ cried Salisbury; when Randolph again endeavouring to allay the heat of his impatience, earnestly united his intreaties with those of the Earl’s companions, and at length obtained a patient audience.

‘Raymond,’ thus the old Knight proceeded, ‘was not slow to accept this gracious condescension to his wishes. Supported by the power of Hubert, enriched by his bounty, and attended by the flattering followers of his prosperity, this Lord soon prepared all necessaries for a magnificent and stately progress. He left the English court, which now graced the city of Marlborough with its residence (for thither the indisposition of our liege had caused it to be transferred) and at the head of a gallant troop of Knights, armed, and caparisoned in all their courtly pride and splendor, and implicitly obedient to their leader, he proceeded toward the castle of Salisbury. The humble villagers gazed on this gay troop, with surprize and pleasure, were soon informed of their purpose, and soon spread the story through all the neighbouring land. The Countess had already learned the melancholy tidings of her Lord; and indulged her griefs in secret: when, roused by the appearance of this retinue, and nothing suspecting the purpose of Raymond,

‘she

' she opened her gates wide to his approach, and re-  
 ' ceived him and his attendants with all hospitable  
 ' rites, befitting her own nobility, and the greatness  
 ' of her guests. To Raymond she appeared in all  
 ' the dignity of grief, holding her young son, a  
 ' fair copy of her beauty and her sorrow. And (if  
 ' fame speaks true) the charms of the majestic  
 ' mourner, had, in that moment, too powerful an  
 ' influence upon the heart of Raymond. Love came  
 ' in aid of his ambition, and inflamed the ardor of  
 ' his pursuit. With all those soothing arts, which  
 ' courts and their polish'd converse had bestowed,  
 ' he laboured to dispel her gloom, and cautiously  
 ' to introduce the great purpose of his arrival.  
 ' Long time he suspended his declaration: (such is  
 ' the controuling power of beauty, surrounded by  
 ' the awful beams of chaste and graceful dignity)  
 ' yet in every interview was his passion confirmed  
 ' and encreased. At length (so have we been in-  
 ' formed) he spoke his suit with humble and anxious  
 ' hesitation; and was received with surprize and  
 ' scornful denial.'

Whilst the Knight thus spake, a succession of vio-  
 lent passions had distracted the mind of Lord  
 William. His eyes first expressed an earnest and tu-  
 multuous impatience. He trembled; and the blood  
 retired from his cheeks; then rushed back to re-  
 sume it's seat, with double force, and glowed with  
 fiery indignation. Again, his tender looks declared,  
 with what love and gratitude and sympathizing pity,  
 he felt the sorrows of his beloved Countess. Impa-  
 tience and anxiety again succeeded; and when the  
 Knight paused, his looks had grown great, and  
 elevated, and a sudden exclamation of triumph broke  
 involuntarily from his lips. ' What remains,' said  
 he, ' but that we now go and resume our authority?  
 ' What is wanting but our presence to relieve our  
 ' Countess from this importunate wooer? Come, my  
 ' friends! let us haste away. Let us break through  
 ' that cloud of obscurity which hath too long conceal-  
 ' ed us: and confound the men who grasp at our rights  
 ' and

‘and honours, with such a precipitate and rash presumption. Shall Ela weep, and I delay to comfort her: Shall proud intrusion break upon her privacy, and irritate her grief, and do I not fly to relieve her?’ Beware,’ replied the Knight with looks of sage and rigid caution, ‘beware of violence! consult not with thy passions. Thy Countess hath, I hope, maintained her firmness and constant purpose to the last. Should she — but I cannot fear it. — Yet still Raymond is in possession of thy castle; he acts as Lord of thy land and inheritor of thy power. Canst thou behold this usurpation calm and unmoved? Trust me, I dread thy impetuous resentment. Raymond is proud and insolent; Hubert crafty, dark, and revengeful. The injurious never can forgive. Shame and disappointment may drive him to desperate resolutions. — Alas, I cannot speak half my fears.’

This mysterious language of the Knight, who, however he suppressed his fear, really dreaded a fatal compliance in the Countess, and formed the most terrible presages of broils and blood, kindled up a sudden flame in the breast of Salisbury. ‘Heavens!’ cried he, ‘if Raymond should have already — I see the danger of my situation. — But let us quickly seek this invader. Randolph now seemed to condemn his own apprehensions, which he observed might arise from doubtful or mistaken information. His retirement had rendered him the more liable to be deceived; and despair of ever seeing the return of his friend had made him less solicitous in his enquiries. However, he still urged caution and calm procedure. He advised that some friends should be sent forward to the castle to declare the approach of Earl William. ‘This,’ said he, ‘will give an opportunity to Raymond to retire, without the shame of encountering the severity of his aspect, who comes to drive him from his usurped state, and without provoking thee to some rash deed of ungoverned passion. Then shall we follow; and peace, joy, and conjugal affection shall receive thee.’ The Earl

Earl approved his counsel; and consented to the desires of his companions, who pressed to be the harbingers of his approach. They instantly took their way: whilst Randolph dispatched his messengers to summon such a number of dependants as might afford an honourable conduct to the Earl, together with the fair Jacqueline, who now came forth not in her disguise; but in a female garb, tho' not magnificent, yet better suited to display her modest graces, and to give new lustre to her beauty. It was resolved that for a few days they should continue with the hospitable Knight; an interval tedious and distracting to the Earl, whose mind was filled with doubts and fears; impatient to know more than had already been received from the imperfect intelligence of his host, yet dreading to hear something which might fatally wound his peace.

End of Book II.

## B O O K III.

## S E C T. I.

**W**HATEVER sadly-boding thoughts were entertained by Lord William, little did they correspond with that weight of anguish, which, by this time, had oppressed his wife; in whose castle, the insolence and cruelty of Raymond and his creatures had taken their lawless course, free from controul. His first appearance had been courteous and gentle, befitting a noble visitant: nor did he disclose his purpose, till he had gained the fair opinion of the unsuspecting countess. Love and wedlock, when first made his theme, sounded like notes jarring and discordant, to the ear exactly tuned to harmony: and when he urged his suit directly, a sudden flood of tears confessed her inward emotion, such tears as indignation and disdain force from the eyes of distressed greatness, and high-born pride. Raymond stood amazed: and vain were his repeated endeavours to compose her disorder. At length, her passions thus found an utterance: ‘ And dost thou know me? Hast thou ever heard that the greatness of soul which hath invariably distinguished my long train of mighty ancestry, is lost in me? — One year hath not yet elapsed, since these arms embraced my honoured lord. But had the grave long since received him; had time dried up my widows tears, thinkest thou that the widow of a Plantagenet — But why talk I thus? — How knowest thou? What officious babbling slave hath flattered thee with the lying story that Lord William lives no longer; that the great light of England is extinguished, and that Raymond may now rise and shine? — It is false — I will not



' not think it. Yet, yet will I hope for his return.  
 ' Should he find thee here, (and this thy purpose!)  
 ' what could defend Lord Raymoud from his resentment?  
 ' Thou knowest the mighty spirit Earl William. Fly this moment; and tempt not thy fate.  
 ' Nay, never frown! How would one single glance  
 ' of his princely eye confound that haughty confidence?  
 ' Know, presuming lord, that the slightest  
 ' probability of his appearance should strike thee with  
 ' terror.' Thus saying, she turned scornfully away;  
 lovely even in her disdain; and suddenly left her suitor  
 in wonder and confusion: who, too deeply affected  
 by her beauty, to submit to this repulse, solicited,  
 entreated, and at length rather forced, than was admitted  
 to a second interview. Earnestly did he urge  
 his love, and with all the gentle eloquence of a sincere  
 and ardent passion. Just to the deserts of Earl William,  
 he acknowledged his high worth, and his own inferior  
 merit: but the hopes of his return, he treated as desperate  
 and unreasonable, and exerted all his art to banish from  
 her thoughts the memory of a man, whom fate had long  
 since buried in eternal oblivion. — 'Behold this boy!' said  
 the Countess, clasping her young son: 'in him, at least,  
 Salisbury still lives. And never can his mourning wife  
 resign the dear melancholy remembrance of his greatness,  
 while this precious pledge of former love, this lively  
 image of a noble and honourable father, remains to  
 sooth her sorrow. Behold him, see how all the princely  
 dignity of William already sits displayed in his youthful  
 front: and wonder not that Ela never can descend to any  
 other passion.'

Thus obstinate and inexorable, the Countess ever added  
 scorn and reproof to her denial; insulted the love, and  
 stung the pride of Raymond; whose disgrace was soon no  
 secret to his attendants. Of these, the first, and principal  
 in his confidence, was a man nurtured in courts; long  
 practised in the arts of flattery, and the homage of  
 dependance; trained to watch the looks, the smiles, the  
 frowns of a superior, to aid his pleasures, to indulge his  
 passions, to love,

to hate, as he directed, with an obsequiousness equalled only by the insolence and oppression which he dealt out with unfeeling severity to all beneath him. Subtile and expert he was in the arts of fraud and circumvention; ever attentive to his own private interest; patient, persevering, and sagacious in the means of advancing it. His name was Grey. To him Raymond unbosomed his disordered thoughts; lamented his despised love, and the unrelenting pride of Ela, which threatened to blast all his hopes of ambition. The flatterer expressed the utmost indignation; and as if the resolution of the Countess had been unwarranted and injurious, injurious to the honour and dignity of Raymond, he censured him with an artful semblance of sincerity and zeal, as if he himself had been the cause of his own repulse: He accused him of indulging the perverseness and pride of this high dame, by the humble and abject strain of his addresses. He persuaded him that in this place he was now absolute lord and inheritor, who should command, and not intreat, graced as he was by the royal favour, and supported by the power of Hubert. The slightest hint was more than sufficient to enflame the pride of Raymond. He yielded entirely to the pleasing delusion, and already fancied himself undoubted heir of the house of Salisbury, and master of its ample domain. The conditions on which the king had assented to his petition, were totally forgotten: and he now determined to act agreeably to that high character, in which his imagination had arrayed him, and to extort that compliance to his wishes, which his solicitations could not obtain. Every thing was disposed at his command; and the domestics and inhabitants of the castle taught to acknowledge a new lord. To the Countess, he affected to appear, not as an humble lover, but an imperious sovereign master. Yet, awed by her dignity and beauty, he acted this part, not without constraint and shame; and still repulsed, and still despised, he required all the artifice and flattery of Grey, to support him in his purpose. Yet, this extraordinary change could not fail to alarm the

the fears of the Countess. With surprise and helpless indignation she found herself the prisoner of her guest. Her usual attendants were removed; and new domestics assigned, the creatures of her enemy, who performed the due offices to her and to her infant son, not without respect and care, but with sullen silence and reserve: and all her words and actions were free to the observation of strange and unfriendly keepers. If Raymond ventured to appear in her presence, (for still he dreaded the severity of her frown) with wild dismay, yet with the dignity of injured greatness, she demanded an explanation of this mysterious conduct: whilst he only urged the necessity of an absolute compliance with his desires, and left her agitated soul to divine the fatal consequences of a refusal. Sometimes she endeavoured to expostulate; to speak her wrongs boldly, and to menace her oppressors; but tears never failed to betray her inward terror, and to discover a lively sense of the weakness of her widowed state. Sometimes she called upon Lord William, and tormented herself with the remembrance of the virtues and renown of her lost protector. Sometimes she pressed her son with an eager and passionate fondness to her heart, and invoked every saint in heaven to save the precious creature. For him much more anxious, than for her own fate, she formed a thousand visionary schemes to rescue him from the oppressor; which like fantastical dreams, vanished, and left her to despair. Raymond, though insolent and cruel, yet still loved the unhappy Countess; nor could he behold her distress without some pangs of remorse. But his unrelenting minion was ever at hand, to condemn and deride his weakness, (so he deemed it) and to persuade him that nothing but rigid authority and severe restraint could prevail upon the high mind of Ela, and reduce her to what his abandoned flattery presumed to call a reasonable compliance. Thus was her resolution still assailed, and still unconquered.

But greater trials remained for this unhappy lady, Grey, whose mind was not discomposed by passion, and who thought more coolly than his lord, seriously

reflected on the necessity of forcing the Countess to give her hand to Raymond, in order to establish his rightful claim to an inheritance, which promised ample advantages to his creatures. And when the prospect of riches and rewards were presented to his view, his rapacious soul instantly became deaf to all the calls of pity; nor was one sentiment of humanity suffered to intrude upon his mind. The enamoured Raymond grew more and more impatient; and every hour lamented the inflexible spirit of the Countess, and her unalterable aversion to his love. His flatterer still wore a face of friendly anxiety and concern; and, as if he lived only for his lord, seemed to feel the disappointment as his own misfortune: and expressed that earnestness for conquering this difficulty, with which men generally pursue their private interests. Raymond was charmed with this specious shew of zeal and sincere affection. He called him friend, guardian, and director; he lavishly promised wealth and honours; and entreated him to devise some means of accomplishing his wishes. Grey seemed for a while immersed in thought: then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he assumed a look of confidence and exultation. 'It cannot be!' thus he exclaimed: 'This imperious Countess cannot for ever prove insensible to the inviting voice of joy and happiness. She sees thy passion; and would enflame it by this affected delay. Or if her haughty soul be really unmoved, something must be thought of—Raymond must—yes, my ever honoured lord, thou shalt possess her. Let me be favoured with thy confidence: submit to my direction. For some days shun her presence, for there thy weakness is discovered. Rely on my services; and let it be my part to prevail upon her.'—'Go, said Raymond; to you and to your conduct I implicitly resign my hopes. Prevail, and be great as thou canst wish.'—Thus was the afflicted Countess given up to the hands of insolence and cruelty, without help or friend, without counsel or resource.

Instead

Instead of the man whose arrogance was tempered by that reverence and love with which her beauty had inspired him, Ela saw now before her an unrelenting, unfeeling vassal; in condition, such as her soul disdained to hold converse with, and in temper base and brutal. He approached her with a rude insensibility to her state, and to her sorrows. Instead of pleading the passion, or the merits of his master, he proudly demanded her compliance. He called upon her to consider his power, and her own condition: that she was no longer mistress in this stately castle, which, with all its wide extended lands, had devolved to Raymond; now the master even of her and of her son; and that she had only to chuse whether to appear as his consort, in all the lustre that riches and royal favour can bestow, or to waste her solitary days in grief and abject dependance.

The Countess, though pierced with sorrow, and sensible of her helpless condition, surveyed the rude minion in disdainful silence. He repeated his bold remonstrances; yet nothing more could his importunities extort, than a stern command to retire from her presence. He obeyed; but soon returned, and repeated his odious insolence. In that moment her young son appeared, and flew with eager and fond caresses to his mother. At sight of him, she instantly forgot her greatness: her griefs burst forth in a sudden and violent stream. She embraced him with trembling arms: and the boy, though unable to conceive the cause, sympathized passionately with the Countess. The sight was pitiful and affecting; but the hardened Grey felt only a short and transient surprise. 'Is he thus dear?' said he: 'know then, that his mother's obstinacy may prove fatal to her son. The charge of him now belongs to Raymond. He best knows how to defeat all future attempts to dispossess him of his rights.' — The Countess started up in speechless amazement: and Grey turned from her with a fullen menace, that henceforward her son should be a stranger to her arms. 'Stay!' replied the Countess, pale and trembling with terror and virtuous anger:

hear



‘hear me, cruel man — Heavens! is it for this that  
‘we are made prisoners within our own walls; shut  
‘up from society and relief? no access for comfort or  
‘friendship; no resource, no support for our helpless  
‘innocence? And did the bloody purpose of a murder-  
‘er lurk beneath his courtly smiles, when Lord Ray-  
‘mond first entered our castle? And dreads he not  
‘vengeance? Have the friends of William all perish-  
‘ed with him? — At least Heaven is our friend;  
‘and will repay the cruel deed. O! there is a blessed  
‘angel ever ready to present the cries of infant inno-  
‘cence before the throne of justice, and to implore for  
‘vengeance on the arm that hath been lifted against  
‘it. — Seeks he our love? Mistaken lord! little dost  
‘thou conceive the fatal consequences of extorting a  
‘feigned consent, when the heart is still estranged.  
‘Cold indifference, distaste, aversion, and loathing,  
‘ever watch round the bridal bed, and fright away  
‘all joy and social comforts — Seeks he our posses-  
‘sions? — Take them! enjoy them freely! and let  
‘us retire to some seat of humble obscurity; where  
‘no curious eye shall ever pierce through our recess;  
‘where the name of Salisbury was never known or  
‘uttered by the voice of Fame. There shall my  
‘child labour with the lowly peasant: and never shall  
‘his mother betray the secret of his birth. But if  
‘his blood must be the horrid purchase — O let Ray-  
‘mond secure his power and riches beyond the reach  
‘of time or fortune. Let me too perish. Drive  
‘not all mercy from your hearts: but spare me the  
‘dreadful sight of my child’s blood. No! let me be  
‘made the first victim of your cruelty.’

Pity and humanity for a moment assailed the ruth-  
less heart of Grey; but soon were they repelled. He  
sternly answered, that she and her son might yet be  
happy; that the conditions were easy and honourable:  
but that disdain and pride were no good proofs of a  
mother’s tenderness: that the fortune of this boy was  
in her power, and that should he suffer, she herself  
would be the author of his sufferings. — Then call-  
ing the attendants, he commanded them to remove  
young

young William. His mother fell upon her knees, stretching out her trembling arms in expressive silence: To her bosom the boy fled for refuge from his infant terrors; she rose, and clasped him to her breast, devouring the dear object with eyes of frantic fondness. The ministers of cruelty relented and hesitated: but Grey severely repeated his command. They surrounded the distracted mother and her weeping son; soon conquered her feeble efforts to detain him, and tore him from her struggling grasp. Her shrieks echoed through the castle, and wounded the affrighted ear: till nature, harassed and exhausted by contending with the vast affliction, lost its powers, and the Countess lay pale and lifeless upon the ground. The tumult in her apartment had already reached the ear of Raymond, who flew to enquire the cause, and now came to be a witness of her distress. He soon learned the cause, and far from approving the cruelty of his minion, he received him with frowns and reproof. He ordered the female attendants to convey their afflicted lady to her couch, and with all tender cares to recall her dying senses. Thither he himself soon followed, to restore her dear son, and to calm her terrors: but she now had no ear for comfort. The fever had already seized upon her; enflamed her eye, and raged in her boiling veins. Her disordered fancy tormented her with killing images of terror; and his presence added new force to her delirium. Raymond felt all the violence of love and distraction: and Grey stood aghast. This subtle minion laboured, first, to appease the resentment of his lord, and then to give him comfort. He himself appeared most solicitous for the recovery of the Countess, although his wicked heart secretly exulted in her present danger. Should she live, and at length consent to accept of Raymond for a husband, his insolence must then be remembered, and his lord taught to detest the author of her sufferings. Should she still refuse to give her hand to Raymond, this lord could not long continue his oppression, but must soon resign his unjust pretensions, and thus dash all his own hopes of  
rich

rich rewards. Nay, possibly his conduct might hereafter meet a severe punishment. Thus he reasoned: and regarded her death as an event highly to be wished. An infant heir might easily be disposed of, and Raymond invested with his rights without controul or opposition. Every hour flattered his hopes with desperate accounts of Ela and her alarming situation. His art was exerted to the utmost, to divert the attention of Raymond from her distress, to alienate his mind from a woman who had presumptuously insulted his passion; and to dazzle him with the gay view of those fortunes which were now ready to crown his wishes. To inflame the pride of this lord, was his artifice and flattery principally directed. And, when he had warmed his imagination with prospects of riches and magnificence: when he had worked up his pliant mind to the due pitch of insolence and fierceness, he even dared to hint at the necessity of defeating all future claims; and with hardened calmness and indifference declared, that it must be his own care prudently and secretly to dispose of young William. Nor did Raymond, in his present temper, hear him with abhorrence or emotion. To such inconsistencies is the mind of man hurried by the tyranny of passions. He had just expressed the tenderest pity for the Countess; and now, when the determined villain had proposed to destroy her infant son, he started not at the horrid council, nor refused his consent.

## S E C T. II.

**B**UT that pity which pride and interested cruelty denied her, Ela found now in her own sex. Her principal female attendant, though the creature of Raymond, and by him appointed for her service, had long beheld her sorrows and maternal fondness, with secret grief and sympathy. She had, herself, been wife and mother, had long felt and known their endearments and cares. Long had she wept in secret for

for the afflictions of her injured lady, and now attended on her sick couch, with all the fond zeal and concern, which a woman's distress could excite in the gentle and feeling mind of woman. Her affection was now undissembled (for her Lord enjoined the most assiduous care, when the disorder had first seized the Countess :) and that affection was attended with success, proportioned to it's ardor and sincerity. Nor time nor fatigue could abate her diligence and kind attention to a beloved mistress, who long lay insensible of her goodness, shrinking timorously from the hand that presented relief. At length, however, nature appeared still unconquered in this severe conflict. Reason began gradually to regain it's native seat, and the Countess was restored to some composure. Elinor (so was her attendant called) watched the happy moment, when she began to survey the objects round her without distraction, to offer comfort and consolation. She presented her son, who stood weeping by her side, to assure her of his security; and every office which duty and charity could dictate, she busily performed to allay the violence of her malady, and to restore her languid spirit. The Countess, touched with her goodness, repaid her with the warmest expressions of regard and gratitude. Their affection was now mutual, and was succeeded by mutual confidence. Thus, even amongst it's enemies, did oppressed virtue so far prevail, as to reconcile one mind, and to attach one relenting heart, to it's injured cause. Ela every hour experienced the happy effects of tender care. She had recovered some degree of ease and strength: she had leisure to reflect upon her danger and difficulties: misfortune and solitude had effaced the proud thoughts of rank and greatness: and without reserve she opened her soul to this attendant; bitterly lamenting the severity of her fate; who, tho' she numbered many and powerful friends, tho' her fortune and condition gave her the command of a formidable band of vassals, yet by foul treachery was cut off from all relief, from all possibility of complaining, or petitioning for deliverance, subjected to the will

of

of insolent and cruel enemies, and exposed to all the distresses of captivity, in that very place, where she was rightful mistress: strange reward for the services of her great father, and her noble husband! The attendant with ardent prayers, and lively effusions of pity and tenderness, gave her some slight consolation; but tho' she felt for her distress, she seemed incapable of devising any reasonable means of relief. Hope, patience, and such like terms, which sound but harshly in the ear of affliction, she repeated with a warm but impotent zeal; she even ventured to hint at the expediency of assuming an appearance of less severity to Lord Raymond; of flattering his fond expectations for a while: thus, to amuse the busy and contriving malice of his creature, to gain some interval of ease, some happy respite from persecution. Time and the interposition of heaven might then work wonderfully for her deliverance. But the soul of Ela still retained a dignity superior to the arts of dissimulation. She started with abhorrence, at the thought of sullying her bright fame by any suspicious conduct, any semblance of unworthy condescension. Her high mind dwelt with more pleasure on the flattering thoughts of redress and vengeance. She reflected that the land still contained many powerful friends to her lost husband, and to her noble house; she hoped that nothing was necessary for her deliverance, and for the punishment of her oppressors, but to inform them of her dangerous and distressful state. Possessed with these thoughts, she conceived the bold design of eluding the vigilance of Raymond, and of escaping to a religious house: there to take sanctuary with her infant son, from thence to represent to the King, the cruel insult offered to the memory of his kinsman and faithful soldier, and to demand redress of his and her own wrongs from the justice of the throne, and the power of her friends. She took no pains to conceal these sentiments; but freely communicated the design to Elinor and entreated her assistance. She enlarged on the power and opportunities of rewarding her



fidelity, which success must give her: she lavishly poured out gold and jewels. 'Go, said she, find among the dependants of this proud Lord, if there be courage and humanity in any breast to favour a virtuous design. Here are rewards! a small portion and but an earnest of that munificence with which my gratitude shall repay the benefit.' The attendant at first seemed astonished at the boldness of the attempt: whilst the Countess renewed her solicitations, a new and sudden thought seemed to start to life within her mind: but before she could give it utterance, their conversation was interrupted; and Elinor commanded to attend instantly on Lord Raymond. She departed with a look, which assured the Countess of her unalterable attachment; but did not entirely dissipate her terrors. These were instantly awakened at the alarm of every thing new and unexpected.

A long interval of suspense increased her anxiety: at length however the faithful attendant returned, and with a cheerful aspect, 'Dearest Lady,' said she, 'the blessed saints seem to encourage us to the bold attempt of escaping from these walls. Lord Raymond hath appointed his Knights to make ready in three days, to accompany him to the neighbouring woods; there, to pursue the chase. He hath enquired of your health: and is persuaded that you continue ill at ease. He hath enjoined the exactest care and vigilance in his absence, and particularly that none be suffered to approach your chamber, but in my presence and by my appointment. The command of the castle is to be committed to my brother: and strict ward to be maintained. But he is no friend to oppression. I have already sounded, and find him apt to our purpose.' Ela passionately entreated that this man should be brought before her: but soon recollecting the necessity of avoiding all suspicion, she contented herself with intrusting to Elinor the important charge of prevailing on him. Into her hands she earnestly gave up all her store of wealth:

wealth: and the good attendant prudently and faithfully employed such part of it as was necessary to confirm the wavering resolution of her brother. She prevailed, and returned with the pleasing tidings that he had consented to follow the fortunes of the Countess, and to seize the approaching occasion to convey her and her young son to any place of safety. In the mean time she advised that Ela should still continue the appearance of malady and weakness, and patiently wait the happy moment of her deliverance. The eyes of this lady brightened up with joy and pleasure, and her breast laboured with the violent emotions of gratitude. ‘Gracious powers!’ (thus her passions forced their way) ‘Is this the vassal of an unjust oppressor? This the agent of tyranny and cruelty? Say, whence hath thy gentle manners been so strangely associated with savage pride and usurpation? Whence hath thy goodness and affection been chosen by Lord Raymond to minister to his purposes? Who art thou, that feel’st my affliction, and art thus kindly solicitous for my relief?’ The attendant wept, and thus returned answer to the enquiries of the Countess.

## S E C T. III.

‘**H**APPIER days have I beheld; and better fortune have I experienced. I had a husband, lady, brave and honest: a son too, trained to arms, and exercised in deeds of war. — But heaven was pleased to take them from me.’ — Here her grief broke forth with still greater violence, and redoubled the attention of the Countess; nor did she soon recover such ease as enabled her to proceed in the following manner.

‘Our residence was in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, where we lived in peace, removed from the cares of greatness, and the bitterness of distress. My husband was loving; Edmund our only child, the delight of our eyes, and comfort of our advancement’

‘ cing years. Tho’ bred to arms, he was mild and  
‘ gentle, and tho’ nurtured in the humble vale of  
‘ life, he was brave and generous. Even from his  
‘ infant years, he had conceived an affection for the  
‘ daughter (she too the only child) of a neighbouring  
‘ Franklin, which grew with their ripening age; nor  
‘ was condemned or controuled. The fond parents  
‘ beheld this youthful pair of lovers with secret joy;  
‘ and hoped, in them, to transmit their names and  
‘ little inheritances to succeeding times. They were  
‘ betrothed, and but waited for the holy benediction  
‘ to crown their wishes; when war and tumult began  
‘ to rage in England. John was then our king: he  
‘ had submitted, and was reconciled to the holy  
‘ father. He had attempted to recover his dominions  
‘ in France; but, abandoned by his discontented  
‘ Nobles, he returned to his kingdom, full of vexation  
‘ and revenge. Ah, Lady! little doth the high-born  
‘ Courtier or the powerful Lord conceive of  
‘ that weight of misery which public dissensions heap  
‘ upon the lowly subject! The King marched like an  
‘ enemy thro’ the land, spoiling and ravaging the  
‘ estates of his wayward Barons. He arrived at Nottingham  
‘ where my Lord of Canterbury, at length,  
‘ prevailed to stop his unfriendly progress. He continued  
‘ here for some time: his followers, secure in  
‘ his protection, and enriched by his bounty, little  
‘ regarded the severe limits which laws prescribe.  
‘ Gay revellers they; who, full of mirth and disport,  
‘ beguiled the time in song and dance with courtly  
‘ dames. One of these glittering minions of royal  
‘ favour perchance cast his wanton eyes on Edyth,  
‘ the maid betrothed to my son. Accursed be the  
‘ hour, in which he discovered and was enamoured  
‘ with her beauty! He courted her in gentle guise,  
‘ with fair semblance of respect and decent love: he  
‘ dazzled her with a view of costly gifts: he promised  
‘ much, he sighed often, and sometimes wept; but  
‘ all fruitless were his endeavours to conquer the  
‘ integrity of this honest maiden. Yet, not entirely  
‘ displeased at his flattering arts, she listened without  
‘ terror

' terror or abhorrence, whilst yet his purpose was not  
 ' directly avowed; and sometimes, yielding to his  
 ' courtesy, suffered him to lead her forth, and to  
 ' amuse her ear with tales of courtly pleasures and  
 ' splendor. The jealous anxiety of Edmund ever  
 ' watched their steps at wary distance: 'till at length,  
 ' when this incautious maid had been conducted to a  
 ' secret path, when she suddenly found her helpless  
 ' innocence at the mercy of a luxurious courtier;  
 ' when he boldly prest his suit, and attempted to force  
 ' her, trembling and dismayed, to his wicked purpose,  
 ' her piercing shrieks soon summoned a faithful deli-  
 ' verer to her side. Edmund, mad with rage and  
 ' jealousy, fatally smote the ravisher; and carelessly  
 ' leaving him weltering in blood, conveyed away his  
 ' Edyth, who had fainted with terror and surprize,  
 ' and safely deposited his heart's dear treasure in her  
 ' father's dwelling.

' An event like this was not to be concealed: nor  
 ' did the unhappy youth, now mad with passion, and  
 ' deaf to the calls of prudence, fear to avow his  
 ' bloody deed freely and publicly. Soon was the bo-  
 ' dy discovered; and soon was Edmund seized, and  
 ' torn from his frantic mistress. An armed band hur-  
 ' ried him away, with loud and tumultuous denun-  
 ' ciations of vengeance; when happily the King,  
 ' now returning from the chace, descried the rout,  
 ' and dispatched an attendant to demand the cause  
 ' of such disorder. Of this he was instantly informed;  
 ' and curious to learn the occasion of such a presump-  
 ' tuous violence upon his officer, to view the man  
 ' who even boasted of his outrage, he ordered the  
 ' criminal to be brought before him. My son was  
 ' now led forward; and as he prepared to cast himself  
 ' at the feet of his Liege, the fiery beast which the  
 ' King bestrode, frightened at the tumult, began to  
 ' start and rear up with ungovernable wildness. The  
 ' attendants instantly alighted; but before they could  
 ' support their falling master, Edmund had burst like  
 ' lightning from the hands of his guards, broke his  
 ' fall and remounted him. This zeal and vigour



were beheld with wonder, and secret applause. The King himself was by no means unaffected by the incident. His looks grew less severe; and in a tone, not angry, but majestically grave, he demanded to know who he was, and what had prompted him to this act of blood. My son kneeled before him, modest but not abject; and with an ingenuous plainness and freedom, related the unhappy cause that had provoked him to this outrage: his love to the betrothed maid; the arts and treachery to which she had been exposed; the horrid attempt of violation; and his own fatal encounter with the King's-officer. In a word, he acknowledged the crime, and with decent boldness declared himself resigned to the punishment, and prepared to yield up his forfeit life. The King listened with attention, and in the natural and unaffected narrative saw the full proof of all that had been alledged. With a sudden warmth, he swore by the foot of God, (his usual oath) that his servant had deservedly met his fate; that Edmund was a brave youth, and merited not only pardon, but reward; and that henceforward he should be his soldier. The witnesses of this scene were not slow to applaud the sentiments of their sovereign. They vied with each other in their praises of my son, whose youthful breast was but too susceptible of their impressions. How happy did we then esteem ourselves, when we saw our child rescued from destruction, graced with the royal favour, and entrusted with an honourable command! To us he paid his filial duty; then flew to the beloved Edyth, to comfort her sorrow and revive her spirit, confounded and depressed by the late event. Of her, he took a tender leave, with assurances of invariable fidelity, and passionate vows of speedy return to compleat his happiness; then departed to perform the duties of his new charge. But we were not as yet totally bereft of our darling object; some intervals he found for brief, yet frequent visitings; to delight us with the accounts of his advancing fortune. So compleatly was  
he



he now possessed with the thoughts of war and honour; so elevated and transported by the view of courtly splendor, and the gay promises of youthful ambition, that love seemed to hold but a second place within his mind: and the sighs and half-suppressed tears of Edyth, sometimes confessed her jealous fear of his estrangement. He saw, and chid her unjust suspicions: to allay them, he proposed that the holy Father should instantly unite their hands. Their nuptials were sudden; and their conjugal endearments, alas! too soon interrupted by our son's necessary attendance on his royal master.

The land was now threatened with all the calamities of civil war. A second time had the bold Barons put on their armour, and collected their vassals against John. My husband, altho' he had already suffered in their cause, yet still adhered with an obstinate integrity, to that side which he deemed the great bulwark of his country. He earnestly prest young Edmund to abandon the service of a prince whose favour was precarious; suddenly and capriciously bestowed; and as suddenly and capriciously withdrawn. But he was heard with reluctance and aversion. He urged the solid comforts of honest poverty and contentment; he called it shameful (forgive me, Lady, if his homely sentiments offend) to unite with rapacious foreigners, and to embrue his hands in the blood of countrymen and brethren. His son was still unmoved, and to all his arguments opposed one plea, his forfeit life, and the vast debt of gratitude he owed the King. A father's authority was then exerted. He was commanded, upon his filial obedience, to attend on the confederated Lords; the terrors of divine vengeance were denounced on his undutiful obstinacy. He hesitated; but the flattering prospects of ambition at length prevailed. He forgot the submission due to a parent's authority; full of gay hopes and impatient of controul, he hastened away to serve his liege lord, whilst my husband, irritated

‘ irritated at his disobedience, pronounced something like a curse upon his unhappy son, and followed the standard of William de Albinet the commanding Baron.

‘ Thro’ the course of these unhappy contests, Edmund encreased in honour; and still more and more approved his active valour. It is too well known with what shameful disregard to the protection of their adherents, the Barons suffered a number of the most faithful to their cause to be shut up within the castle of Rochester, and to be sorely pressed by the royal army, while they themselves rioted in London. In a fatal hour, Edmund was commanded to the siege of this castle.—O Lady! a few words are sufficient for the rest of his sad story. How doth the dreadful remembrance pierce my afflicted heart! Many deeds of manhood did he achieve; and oftentimes did he repel the desperate valour of the besieged. At the head of a small party, he at length ventured too rashly to approach the castle walls; and was suddenly encountered by a larger body of the enemy. The contest was obstinate and bloody: but his associates were borne down by numbers, and left him, as they yielded, singly engaged with a soldier, whose sword threatened destruction. They rushed upon each other, they closed, they redoubled their deadly blows, ’till at length, a well directed stroke from the arm of Edmund fell upon the front of his antagonist, cleft his beaver, and uncovered his wounded head. Edmund started! stood aghast! uttered some confused sounds of horror! how can I speak it!—The ill-fated youth—O for ever accursed be the authors of every civil strife! —had smote his father.— Here the disorder of the unhappy mother stopped her voice. The Countess was scarcely less affected: she trembled, as if witness of the horrid scene; and Elinor at length proceeded thus.

‘ My husband, stunned and faint, was sinking down; when Edmund seized him in his arms, and

‘ and gently laid him upon the earth. He kneeled before him, in all the bitterness of anguish and distraction. His lamentations were loud and wild; and earnestly did he implore for pardon; and bitterly did he curse his own fatal error. The languid eyes of his father were fixed kindly upon him; his faltering voice spoke forgiveness. And now was Edmund preparing to bind up his wound, and to convey him to some place of safety and relief, when the noise of tumult and rout grew loud. He turned his head hastily, to learn the cause; and, in that fatal moment, received a shot from a cross-bow full in his brain. The son sunk down by the side of the bleeding father; the routed, and the pursuers (a party of the royal army who had come to the support of their associates) trampled upon their bodies. Edmund had at once expired with a groan. My husband lived but to relate the dreadful story.’

Here the attendant struggled to suppress her sorrow. Not so the gentle Countess. Her tender mind was deeply pierced; and freely was her pity uttered.—‘ Thus,’ said Elinor, ‘ in one accursed hour, was I bereft of all my comfort. The calamity was too great for my weak heart to bear. The relation instantly confused my brain, and deprived me of reason. Long did I continue in a melancholy insensibility to my distress; and perhaps, heaven was kind in thus afflicting me. When time, and a brother’s tender care, had at length restored my disordered senses, I learned, that the wretched Edyth had been seized with the pangs of untimely childbirth, had with pain and sorrow given her lifeless burden to the light, long languished in sickness and grief; and was at length retired to a religious house, there to end her wretched days. And there were they soon ended. I myself had been despoiled of all my possessions, by the fury of civil war, in which both parties were equally incensed against my husband or my son. Rescued from death, and supported by the kindness

ness of my brother, the vassal of Lord Raymond; him have I followed, and by his means have I been placed here; ready to obey our Lord in all humble and honest duties: but we have not yet learned to be the base instruments of oppression.' — Here she paused and wept. The Countess laboured to comfort, and to inspire her with hopes of better fortune; repeated her assurances of favour and protection; and earnestly declared, that to be happy, she had but to extricate a grateful mistress from her present distress.

## S E C T. IV.

THE long wished for day at length appeared, when Raymond and his Knights were to issue forth, and Oswald the brother of Elinor was to be warder of the castle. The time and manner of escape had been duely concerted. The garb of an humble domestic had been provided for the Countess: in which disguise, she, together with her son and faithful woman, were to be conveyed thro' a postern gate, which led to a neighbouring wood: there was Oswald to provide horses, and from thence to conduct them to a religious house, which had been enriched by the pious bounty of Ela, in her more prosperous days: and where she now hoped to find due regard, and inviolable sanctuary. The day was spent in preparation; in fears and hopes, and anxiety. At length the mid-hour of night approached, the hour appointed for departure. Oswald by means of a trusty servant had placed his horses in the wood: and had so stationed his men as to prevent them from being witnesses of his design. The Countess had put on her disguise, embraced her son, and delivered him to the hand of Elinor. Their conductor led them cautiously and silently thro' the castle. They had passed the gate, and were now stretching towards the wood with more enlivened steps, when the shrill sound of a horn proceeded from the other side of the castle,

castle, and proclaimed the approach of some knight or stranger. Oswald started, the women trembled; the sound was loudly repeated; and returned from the adjacent hills: when Oswald, marking where the full moon disclosed a beaten path, and pointing towards the wood, earnestly prest them to bend their course thither without fear or hesitation, and there to wait his coming; which he promised should be speedy. He spoke of the present alarm as of no moment, but declared himself resolved to learn the occasion of it. They obeyed; and he returned into the castle: where he appeared opportunely to prevent suspicion or detection. The domestics were all roused, and some had already mounted the battlements to demand, who, at this dead hour, had approached the castle, and on what occasion. They were answered, that there stood two persons at the gates dispatched by Hubert chief justiciary, to Lord Raymond on especial affairs; that they had been misguided, and wandered thro' the country until night had overtaken them: that at length they had recovered the true path, and that their fatigue required immediate entrance and refreshment. By the command of Oswald, they were admitted and entertained with due courtesy. He, tho' determined to abandon the service of Raymond, and impatient to rejoin the Countess, and her son, yet could not resist the desire of conferring with these messengers; and especially when he learned from one of them, who seemed of inferior quality, that they brought some intelligence about lord Salisbury. He invited this man to refresh himself with wine (for the other had retired to rest.) He entertained him with all hospitable kindness, and from him learned, that but a little time since, solemn jousts and tournaments had been held at the English court, in which a young knight of France (induced as he declared, by the fame of the gallant nobles of Britain) had appeared, and distinguished himself by his prowess and courage. That the King and his courtiers had received him with all due honours: that in some conversations, he had lamented

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the fate of an English Lord known in both realms by the name of Salisbury: who as he was informed, had been pursued by adverse fortune in Poictou, obliged to fly before his enemies, abandoned by his few attendants, and accompanied only by a fair and noble lady; and that too strong reasons there were to fear that he had perished. Oswald heard him with a violent yet well dissembled emotion; and having prevailed on him to retire, paused, tho' still anxious to seek the Countess, and debated within his mind, whether he should communicate this intelligence or no. As he was not sufficiently acquainted with the refined and exalted sentiments of noble minds, he concluded that the hopes of her Lord's return were Ela's only motive for receiving the addresses of Lord Raymond with such severity and abhorrence, and that any assurances of his death, must determine her to accept the tenders of his love: he therefore resolved freely to declare what he had just now heard; and hoped that she might thus be prevailed on to abandon the design of flying, and to return to her castle.

The domestics were now separated; and silence and tranquillity again restored: when Oswald again issued forth, still firmly resolved to obey the commands of the Countess, whatever these might be, and faithfully to follow her fortunes, should she be still resolute to tempt the dangers of flight. He found her at the appointed station impatient of his tedious absence, and almost sinking under the terrors of night and solitude. Elinor sat by her side, still more dismayed, supporting her young son, and shielding him from the dampy air whilst he lay composed in peaceful sleep. The moon was hastening to her decline; and threatened to involve them in all the horrors of darkness; when their long expected protector at length appeared to relieve their distracting fears. He briefly related the occasion of his delay; the arrival of these messengers, and the discourse which he had held with one of them. The bare mention of intelligence about Lord William, raised an universal agitation in the Countess. The melancholy  
air

air which Oswald assumed, encreased her terror and impatience: nor had he yet finished his relation, when the blood deserted the cheeks of Eliza. She closed her eyes, and died away. Elinor shrieked, Oswald supported her; but their cares were a long time ineffectual. At length, the Countess raised her languid front, and breathed a heart-felt sigh. 'He was then disloyal!' said she:— 'A noble lady!— was she noble?— But alas, I fear, heaven hath severely punished his guilt? Oswald now perceived his own imprudence, and would have offered comfort: but the Countess was wholly engaged by her own sad thoughts. He repeatedly pressed and enforced the danger of her present situation, and the necessity of speedy departure: but no attention could he gain. At length, turning her sadly streaming eyes slowly upon him; 'No, my friend!' said she, 'these languid limbs must here find their grave.—— Yet— it were a blessing to end my days in the mansions of devotion, to hear the reverend father speak comfort to my departing spirit:—— but, I cannot—— this frame is too feeble: the hand of death presses too severely upon me.—— O friends! if ever your hearts knew pity, look upon that boy. He was not born to this wretchedness: he hath still noble friends.—— If you would atone to heaven for your offences, save him; convey him quickly from the power of his enemies. Seek the place appointed for our retreat; there save yourselves and him: there shall the friends of his house find him rescued from cruelty and usurpation: they shall protect and defend him; they shall assert his rights and reward your fidelity. These jewels, these treasures shall reward you. My son shall live to reward you.'— Elinor, kneeling before her with weeping eyes and lifted hands, earnestly entreated her to collect her spirits and to pursue her intended flight: uttering the most ardent and passionate vows that fear or force should never drive her from her beloved mistress.—— 'If I am beloved,' said the Countess, 'shew me thy love; and save  
' my

' my child. Think not of me. I can die here: and some charitable hand may perhaps be found to close my eyes in peace.' Here she again fainted: nor could all the tender care and sollicitude exerted to relieve her, restore her to life and sense. Elinor hung weeping over her: Oswald was dismayed and distracted: he saw the danger of this rash enterprize, and could think of no resource: he would have consulted with his sister; but her mind was engaged only by her mistress. He suddenly called to his attendant, who still continued at some distance with the horses: one of these he mounted: the Countess was raised up and placed reclining in his arms. Thus he proceeded gently towards a cottage which lay at some small distance; whose charitable inhabitants rose at the noise of benighted travellers, and admitted them. The Countess was disposed upon their humble couch, and now once again recovered from her trance. She thanked the tenderness of the afflicted Elinor: then calling to Oswald, with hands and eyes raised to heaven, she earnestly conjured him by all his hopes of future happiness, to fly with her son to sanctuary, to proclaim his and her wrongs: and particularly to seek the protection of the Lord de Warren his father's noble friend; who would receive and shield his helpless innocence, assert his rights, and controul his oppressors. Of herself she spake with indifference; as a person on the point of finding refuge from her enemies in the arms of death. Oswald was so persuaded: he regarded her present languid state as the last sad period of her life; and looking tenderly upon his sister, seemed to wish that she could fly from the resentment of Lord Raymond. But soon were his thoughts checked by the zealous declarations of this friendly matron, that no fear of power, no threats of punishment, no motive whatever should prevail upon her to abandon her dear mistress: she urged him to obey her commands with speed, and to leave them to the protection of heaven.

ven. The honest heart of Oswald was affected: in a passionate fit of zeal, he declared himself ready to fly with young William. The anxious mother thanked him with her looks: she clasped her son with a feeble but tender embrace; and lifting her eyes devoutly towards heaven, commended him to the protection of all the holy angels. His looks confessed his infant fear, when she delivered him to his conductor. He wept, and was conveyed away. Some few tears dropt from the Countess; but the recollection of his escape, and the hopes of his preservation, soon gave comfort to her afflicted mind, and animated her with new life and spirit. Her eyes were lighted up anew; her voice less faltering, and her frame less languid. She now seemed to defy her oppressors, and declared herself resolved to assume her rightful authority and state; to act as mistress of her castle and domain, in open defiance of the bold intruders. By the dawn of morning, some peasants were dispatched to the castle to give notice of her present situation, and to order such conveniencies as were necessary for her removal. A litter together with the proper attendants was soon sent for this purpose. Elinor, still faithful to her charge, waited on the side of her beloved lady: who now again entered her own stately hall, and was laid with care and tender offices of duty upon her own couch.

## S E C T. V.

**I**N the mean time, confusion had spread among the domestics. Morning discovered the desertion of Oswald; and scarcely had messengers been dispatched to inform Lord Raymond of this event, and the arrival of the two strangers, when they learned the situation of the Countess, and were directed to conduct her back to her apartment. A second message

message was instantly dispatched to their Lord, with this alarming intelligence: and, ere long, he appeared in view, goaring the sides of his courser, whilst a few attendants stretched after him at some distance, in vain striving to keep pace with his impatience. He entered the castle with looks wild and disordered; and flew towards the apartment of the Countess; but was stopped by some of her maidens, who were directed to inform him that her present weakness and malady required rest, and could not permit him to approach. He called for Elinor, who appeared before him trembling. He sternly reproached her with presumptuous treachery and disobedience; and demanded to know where her brother lay concealed, whither and for what purpose he had fled. Elinor still trembled and was silent: Raymond thundered out terrible denunciations of vengeance; when the Countess who heard his rage from the adjacent chamber, suddenly sent to desire his presence. He rushed in with glaring looks of fury and distraction; when, rising her head gently from her pillow, Ela thus accosted him. ‘Proud Lord, thy power is  
‘at an end. I am above thy oppression; I am  
‘hastening to the mansions of peace. My son is  
‘safe. Yes! that honest man has conveyed him to  
‘the neighbouring monastery, whose hallowed sanctuary shall protect him from thee and thy minions.  
‘Thither thou canst not force thy way. Thence,  
‘shall our wrongs be boldly and loudly echoed thro’  
‘the land, and soon shall the noble friends of Salisbury appear, to end thy usurpation, to chastise thy  
‘ministers of cruelty, and to revenge the injuries  
‘done even to the meanest of Ela’s attendants.’——  
Thus speaking, she turned away with marks of scorn; again reclined her head, nor deigned the least regard to his extravagant expressions of vexation and surprize. He burst away in mad disorder and confusion: he ranged wildly through the galleries; started, and endeavoured to collect his thoughts and allay his passions; curst his own rash folly which  
had



had tempted him abroad, afforded this opportunity of detecting and defeating his designs and threatened to cover him with shame and scorn. Then again he rushed forward in an agony of rage and vexation, when one of the messengers from Hubert approached with respectful obeisance; and obliged him to assume some appearance of ease and composure.

From him Lord Raymond learned the several particulars, which his companion had before imparted to Oswald. But as this man was admitted more intimately into the confidence of Hubert, he was farther directed to declare, that the friends to the house of Salisbury began to express their fears, that the long-protracted residence of Raymond in this castle, without any intelligence being received of the dispositions of the Countess, any assurances of her consent to accept his hand, had raised jealousies and suspicions in their minds; and that Hubert therefore urged him to renew his efforts, if he still continued unsuccessful; to improve those rumours about Earl William, into full and certain assurances of his death, and with all possible speed and earnestness to hasten on his own nuptials with the Countess. He thanked the stranger, and commended his fidelity; he requested him to retire for a while, promising to confer more fully with him at better leisure: then resigned himself to the disorder of his mind, which this information and advice served to inflame and irritate. He now saw the misguided course which he had pursued. He formed the most dreadful presages of that dishonour which must attend his violence and unlawful oppression. His passion for the Countess was still alive; and for a while he seemed resolved once more to try the gentle arts of love and tenderness; but the recollection of her rigour and disdain, her wrongs and sufferings, in a moment dashed all his hopes, and he resolved to fall at her feet, to implore her pardon, and to retire from her castle. For this purpose he again approached her apartment, and demanded admittance. Elinor appeared

peared before him, kneeled, and with many tears implored his indulgence for the weak state of her unhappy Lady. 'Heaven only knows,' said the kind attendant, 'whether she hath yet a few days of life remaining. Let not thy noble nature afflict the already too severely afflicted. Let her die in peace; or if she may yet live, break not on that tranquillity which may be the happy means of restoring her.' 'Wretch!' cried Raymond, wildly surveying her, as she humbled herself before him, 'thou hast undone me! Accursed be the slave who hath assisted thee to betray me! But why do I think of thee, thou reptile? Come, lead me to this Lady; let me dispel her maladies, let me give her peace, and leave her.'—Elinor started up, confounded and astonished at this mysterious language, earnest for an explanation, yet too much awed and terrified to speak her wishes. Raymond sternly repeated his orders; and in that moment, the inhuman Grey, with all marks of haste and impatience, rushed impetuously into the apartment.

He had heard of the escape and return of the Countess, and of the flight of Oswald. He had spurred on with wild speed to learn more particularly the reason and purpose of these alarming events! his own conscious guilt had raised dreadful presages in his mind: nor were these allayed by the disorder in which he now found Lord Raymond. To him he addressed some hasty and imperfect questions. Raymond gazed on him for a while with an aspect which plainly discovered an inward strife, and doubt whether to accuse this man as his evil counsellor, or to entreat his assistance as a faithful friend. At length, as if bowed down by violence of passion, he reclined on his arm, and was led away into another apartment. There he distinctly recounted the advices he had received from Hubert; and the jealousies expressed by the friends of the house of Salisbury, which must now be enflamed and confirmed by the false Oswald, who had fled to sanctuary with young William.

He

He spoke with pity and tenderness of the Countess whom his own cruelty had driven from her castle, and whose flight had been prevented only by her malady and weakness. He expressed his tears of dejection and dishonour; that his unwarrantable usurpation, and attempt upon the constancy of Ela, must now cover him with shame: he therefore declared himself resolved to implore her forgiveness, and to retire. The coward heart of Grey felt all the terrors that Raymond had expressed, with double force. He was instantly filled with the imagination of that power and protection, which were soon to support the injured Countess: he trembled at the recollection of his own share of guilt and oppression: he commended the purpose of Lord Raymond, and urged him to resign his pretensions without delay. But amidst all his fears, cunning had not yet forsaken him. He secretly determined to make this resolution of his Lord seem the effect of his own advice, in order to plead some merit with the Countess, and, in some measure, to atone for his former insolence. He therefore proposed to Raymond, to make him the messenger of his design, to entrust him with the charge of acquainting Ela with his penitence, and his resignation of all hopes or pretensions to her love or fortune. 'An interview,' said he, 'can only serve to enflame your fond passion, and to make a separation doubly painful. No! trust not your eyes with the too powerful and affecting object.' Raymond consented; and Grey now prepared to summon Elinor, and to desire admission to the Countess; when accidentally, he asked Lord Raymond, who still dwelt upon the late events, to what place of sanctuary Oswald had retired. The neighbouring monastery of Sarum was no sooner mentioned, than, suddenly starting, as if a ray of comfort had just shot thro' his soul, his eyes kindled, his cheeks glowed, his whole aspect spoke surprize and triumph: he eagerly seized the hand of his astonished Lord; he paused; their eyes encountered each other. 'Hope?' said Grey:

Grey: 'yet hope! — I must depart this instant. —  
 'But, by all your fond wishes, by all your flattering  
 'prospects of love and greatness, I conjure you to  
 'suspend your purpose: see not, speak not to this  
 'proud Countess, till my return.' Raymond de-  
 manded an explanation, but Grey only repeated his  
 injunctions; urged him to retire, and left him filled  
 with astonishment and expectation.

END of VOL. I.

